

THE SATURDAY REVIEW

OF
POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

No. 3,123 Vol. 120.

4 September 1915.

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	217	CORRESPONDENCE:		REVIEWS:	
LEADING ARTICLES:		Our Immediate Need (Lord Ebury)	228	The Historians of Modern Germany	231
The Quality of German Strength	220	The Credulity of the Public	228	Tragic Poland	232
The Great Alliance	221	Neutralising the Sea	229	Man in the Making	233
The Submarine Calculations of Germany	222	"Razzy" Parker (Harold Hodge)	229	"Two Fine Languages"	234
The Fighting Courage of the Nation	222	The War and Municipalities	229	A Very Gallant Officer	234
The Great War: Appreciation (No. 57). By Vieille Moustache	224	The Imperial Spirit	230	Novels	235
MIDDLE ARTICLES:		The Sailor's Palace	230	Latest Books	235
The Routing of the Vigilants	225	Honourable Augmentations	230	Once a Month	215
German Misrepresentations—I. The "Encircling" of Germany. By Dr. J. Holland Rose	226	Donne (Canon Douglas Maclean)	231	Books Received	236
Alassio	227	"The Ridiculous Horse"	231		

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It has this week been variously announced that von Tirpitz has been defeated. One British newspaper has put it to us that the U.S.A. Press has defeated von Tirpitz. Many others have declared that von Tirpitz has been defeated by Bethmann-Hollweg—the amiable and humane German Chancellor. Even more general is the suggestion that von Tirpitz has "climbed down" and repented out of respect for the objections and protestations of America. None of these suggestions is anywhere near the truth. Von Tirpitz has, it is true, been defeated. But he has been defeated, not by the American Press, not by Bethmann-Hollweg, not even by the President of the United States. He has been defeated by the British Navy.

That the German Government is apparently willing to undertake that German submarine commanders will no longer torpedo passenger vessels or merchant vessels without warning and provision for the safety of their crews means quite simply that the German Government discovers that submarining no longer pays. It is not, of course, certain or clear as yet how far the German amendments will go. But neutral travellers have to thank the British Navy for the hope of safety which is held out to them this week. The British Navy has the submarine peril well in hand. It is not now a safe and easy thing for the German Navy to pursue even that crawling, cowardly warfare which is all that their Fleet at present dares to attempt. The returns may very well not now be worth the odium. The German Government may think it can get better results out of a campaign to lay up virtue in the neutral countries than it is getting out of its campaign of murder upon the sea. There is no penitence or "climbing down" in this change of attitude. It is shrewd calculation. If the German Government, with the help of the enemy or neutral Press, can give an impression to the world that this recanting is the fruit of a victory by Bethmann-Hollweg—the Aristides who wept for Belgium—over Tirpitz—the ruthless seafarer—so much the better for Germany. Meantime it is the business

of those who know better than this to prepare against all sorts of propagandist mischief scattered from the vast organisations controlled by the German Press Bureau.

There are certain observers—anxious to jump at any sign of weakness in the enemy—who would see this simply as a matter of dissension between squabbling politicians in Germany. It is to be hoped that this explanation is not going to "catch on"; because it ignores the many grave diplomatic difficulties in store for the British Government. There seems to be no end to the gullibility of the *gobe-mouches* in this country, who, in spite of the grave warnings of the Press Bureau, incessantly chatter about "getting through" at Gallipoli immediately, "forcing the Dardanelles", bombing the Crown Prince, strategically retreating in Poland, "starving" Germany out of her last bale of cotton and last ounce of copper. These people and the papers that humour them have the same measure of patriotism as had the people who after the Boer War put up Kruger's tall hat for sale.

The harm done by this class is real. They hinder recruiting, tend to make the country foolish in the eyes of the world, belittle the great courage and skill and immense difficulties of our soldiers and sailors, and spread a misleading view of the progress of the war. A Censor for Fools would be an exceedingly good appointment. There was a Ship of Fools in Tudor England—why not a Censor of Fools to-day? The country could afford to pay him ten thousand a year, and he should be given dictatorial powers. Until we can get down our fools with their catchwords and clap-trap and their giggling inanities about "optimism" and "pessimism"—two words which ought to be blacked out of the dictionaries—we shall scarcely drive into the public mind the harsh facts about the war to-day.

The British Foreign Office seems to be well aware of the increasing need to counter German propaganda in neutral countries. There was Sir E. Grey's letter of

fast week, restating the clear truth as to Belgium. There is this week an express contradiction of the vile reports circulated by German agents as to the British treatment of German women in England. We have too long despised the scientific, rapid, and universal lying of Germany. It will have to be met continually, or we may yet see Germany, who has murdered Belgium and done more than any nation in history to strip war of its honour and to make it vile, coming out of the contest as a patient and a popular martyr.

No higher plane for English statesmanship is needed than that in which Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Grey move in the two great documents we have just had from them—one on the work of Germany's Zeppelins, the other, last week, exposing the German Chancellor's tissue of lies about Great Britain and Belgium. We cannot crush Germany by words; in the end Germany will be crushed by a material force she is teaching us, however slowly, to create. But meanwhile the pen, used by men like Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Grey, can do a noble service. Great causes are nothing, cannot exist at all, without the ethical note, and it is this note which the Prime Minister strikes so surely. We have the same effect from Mr. Balfour and Sir Edward Grey; and the documents they have just published should carry to the most doubting neutral a sense of absolute truth.

The record of the Zeppelin, precisely stated by Mr. Balfour, is the record of malicious murder: this fact is really established beyond the dispute of sane minds. Its record is remote from anything in the nature of military prowess. The Zeppelin is a huge inflated blunderer, a nightmare invention, stealing about in the dark, and dropping its bombs without any reasonable chance or hope of their lessening the fighting power of an enemy. When the time comes to pass sentence on Germany the work of the Zeppelin is certain to be borne in mind; and the public of civilised nations will force the hands of statesmen who show any sign of softening.

It is idle to attempt a chronicle week by week of all the master acts of skill and dauntless gallantry by our soldiers. How, for example, could one do so in regard to the Dardanelles, where every fight is simply a fight of heroes, a continuous epic of them? But now and then it tempts one to choose out a name or two, an act or two by air, water, or land. Among those who have won the V.C. of late one is tempted to name Captain Liddell, of Sherfield, Hampshire, and Captain Hawker, of Longparish, not many miles distant in the same county. Both have done supreme work in the air service. Captain Liddell has been maimed; but, even so, he remains incomparably a completer and better man than tens of thousands of men in the prime of youth and vigour who cannot reach up to such efforts as his. No V.C. in this war has been better bestowed.

Captain Hawker's splendid aerial act has been chronicled throughout the Press of late. We look for a great career in this young officer. The Hawkers of Longparish have long been known as a family of singular gift in action and intellect. Captain Hawker's ancestors were famous in soldiery long ago. Then there was Colonel Hawker, of Longparish House, who wrote early in the last century the most celebrated book on shooting, particularly wild-fowling, in the language; whilst in the late eighties Lanoe Falconer—Miss Hawker of Longparish—published her "Mademoiselle Ixe". That little book holds the finest short story told in English, though we daresay that people who buy their fiction and imagination by weight, and like a book by "a notoriety" whom everybody can talk about, may not agree. "Mademoiselle Ixe" is a work of genius.

This week the Russian armies in their retreat have turned several times to deliver damaging counter-

strokes against the Austro-German forces. In East Galicia they have taken 30 guns and 3,000 prisoners, and have compelled the enemy to bring up reinforcements from other parts of their battle-line. Farther north, in the neighbourhood of Luck, they have captured 100 officers and 7,000 men; but this good success, unfortunately, was counterbalanced by the fall of Luck, reported officially from Vienna on Wednesday. Still, the Russian offensive has proved that a month of disaster has had no appreciable effect on our Ally's nerve and courage and resource. General Ruzsky is now in command of the armies defending the northern sectors, and General Alexieff has been appointed Chief of the General Staff.

Germany claims, let us hope with her usual untruth, that she captured during August 2,000 Russian officers, 269,839 men, more than 2,200 cannon, and a great many more than 560 machine-guns. At Kovno alone, the official statement asserts, the Russians lost 20,000 prisoners and 827 guns; at Novo Georgievsk, 90,000 prisoners, including 15 generals, over a thousand officers of other ranks, 1,200 guns, and 150 machine-guns. And it is claimed that the Austro-German armies since 2 May have taken more than a million men. These figures are truly amazing.

As regards the main object of German strategists in their advance to the Dvina, we hear from Petrograd nothing but conflicting rumours; but this most northerly advance—which is directed against Vilna—together with all its concurrent operations—such as the experiments of the German Navy—are assumed to have two aims: (1) to free the advance on Vilna from northern attack, and (2) to attract General Ruzsky, whose army corps have been brought southward for the defence of Petrograd, and also, apparently, to upset the plans of Hindenburg.

On the Western Front the situation remains unchanged. Artillery actions are reported daily; and in the Vosges on Tuesday evening, after a bombardment with shells containing poison gases, the Germans made with hope a violent attack against the French trenches in the Linge and the Schratzmannelle, only to find that poison gases were not effective. Later the Germans attacked again, but were thrown back. On the night of 28 August airmen bombed Thorout station, the cantonments at Middelkerke, and some German works at Ostend. Mr. Kipling's visit to the French lines has given great pleasure to our Ally, and his grateful praise does no more than justice to France.

Sir Ian Hamilton reports that on 27 and 28 August an important advance was made at Suvla Bay, resulting in the capture of a tactical position commanding the Biyuk Anafarta Valley to the east and north. The fighting was almost entirely hand to hand, and was very severe. The Turks suffered heavily in men, and also in arms. In the section next to Suvla Bay the Australasian troops made a concurrent advance, gaining and holding a considerable amount of ground.

Sir E. Grey's publication at this moment of a digest of the negotiations in 1912 between the British and German Governments is a disinterested act of courage and of patriotism. The publication was necessary to counter certain false statements of the German Chancellor. The Foreign Office statement of this week is, in fact, a necessary pendant to Sir E. Grey's letter of refutation a week ago. The German Chancellor's account of the 1912 negotiations was as false as his account of the dealings of Great Britain and Belgium. To prove this to the satisfaction of neutral judges it was clearly necessary to state as exactly as possible what actually happened in Berlin when Lord Haldane went thither in 1912 hunting for naval reductions.

Sir E. Grey, in taking this step, has put patriotism first. He has had to underline the admission of the Prime Minister at Cardiff in August 1914 that the British Government of 1912 was clearly warned of

the aggressive intentions of Germany. We are now told the precise terms in which Germany asked for a free hand upon the Continent; how Germany refused any form of agreement or friendship which did not leave her as free as it found her to attack whomsoever she wished; how the only return for naval reduction which Germany would consider was, in the phrase of Metternich, "a guarantee of absolute neutrality".

However, we are not now dealing with the fact that Mr. Asquith's Government in 1912 was warned and shut its ears and allowed its inferior members to decry those who suspected the truth and desired to awaken the country. We are dealing now with Sir E. Grey's refutation of the German Chancellor's statement. The British statement proves beyond all doubt that Bethmann-Hollweg in his Reichstag speech neatly reversed the final terms on which the negotiations collapsed. "England", said Bethmann-Hollweg, "thought it a token of special friendship, to be sealed by a solemn agreement, that she would not fall upon us without reason, but reserved for herself a free hand in case her friends should like to do so". Precisely the reverse of this is true.

The actual formula submitted to Lord Haldane by Germany as the basis of negotiation, printed, we must suppose, from the actual records, shows Germany inviting Lord Haldane into a diplomatic trap—a trap which would have caught and held Great Britain powerless to defend her friends while Germany remained free to do so. The statement does not say whether it was Lord Haldane or Sir E. Grey who saw through the formula and refused it. Had Austria, under this German formula, declared war against Russia, and had France, as thereto bound, come to her assistance, Germany could have invaded France without Great Britain being able without breach of agreement to intervene.

The nation at least owes a debt to Sir E. Grey for refusing to be thus caught. The formula he offered in exchange safeguarded Germany absolutely against any aggression supported by England. But this formula was not acceptable in any of its various forms. Finally Count Metternich admitted that what Germany wanted was a guarantee beyond all possibility of doubt or evasion that Great Britain would absolutely stand out of any Continental war. Failing that, the naval programme would go forward. In fact, if Great Britain would not promise to stand aside then Germany must reckon with her too.

There is little to add to what we said last week as to the latest performances of the Welsh miners. There are two ways of dealing with these men. They can be "obliged" to work under a system of national service or they can be given all that they ask for as soon as they ask for it. There is, as the Government seems now to realise, no middle way; and the second method has this week been applied without reserve. The miners have received their "bonus"; and they have warned the Government to be rather quicker next time as to these small formalities. The miners seem to feel that the Government should have yielded with less fuss. Some of them were even inclined to make a quarrel, and to spread the strike, out of the fact that, instead of yielding on Tuesday, the Government ought to have yielded on Monday. Next time Mr. Runciman will doubtless be more expeditious.

We are glad to see in the "Empire Review" an excellent article by Lord Milner on the public attitude to National Service, because there are leaders of thought who forget that the Government of a democracy does not usually lead until it knows whether a majority is prepared to follow and to enforce the law. Lord Cromer has this week urged the public to silence. Does he quite realise how one-sided is the silence he proposes? Praise and support of the voluntary system has been continuous in the Press of its advocates from the moment war broke out. At the present

moment a section of the Press—the very section, too, that put the worst indignities on Lord Roberts and the party of reasonable defence—attacks National Service as a crime against the State. Though its views in the past were entirely wrong in all matters of national defence, it insults every patriot who desires to see in the British Isles an equitable discipline similar to that which is active in France, in Russia, and in Italy. The word "Conscriptionist" is employed as a term of abuse, as if it could be used as such in England without giving offence to the "conscript" armies of our Allies! Lord Milner's article sums up the whole case, and shows how necessary it is to plead for national service in the open. It will not embarrass the Government. The Government is far more likely to be embarrassed by the fruits of the present bitter and unscrupulous agitation of those who would rather lose the war than have a general obligation to serve the country declared and enforced.

We fear that claptrap, as usual, is to be an order of the day at the Trades Union Congress; for, strange as it may appear, on the agenda of the Congress is a motion in favour of democratising Oxford and Cambridge. Oxford and Cambridge have sent their undergraduates to fight and to die in Flanders and in the Dardanelles in a war which is commonly described as the People's War, the Democracy's War. Some Colleges have sent sixty, seventy, eighty per cent. of their men to the war, and many are dead and buried, and many more will fall. But the delegates of the Trades Union Congress are not concerned with this. It is not enough for these delegates that the youth of Oxford and Cambridge should fight and die that England—including the delegates of the trades unions—may live: they want to reform Oxford and Cambridge. They would bring our glorious and heroic universities to the level of the South Wales miners. However, they will not succeed.

To suggest that farmers should be directly encouraged by the State to grow more wheat is to lay oneself open to suspicions of a party plot—a plot in favour of feudalism or else protection. Bodies like the Trades Union Congress, which do not understand the country is at war for life and liberty—and which see in National Service a Tory conspiracy to crush labour and get soldiers at 1½d. a day—will naturally perceive in the proposal of Lord Milner's Committee to ensure farmers, as an inducement to grow more wheat, 45s. a quarter for four years a Tory plot for tariff reform. We perceive in it a plot to fortify the nation by a few more weeks' supply of food. If any temporary disaster befell our Fleet, food would be instantly rushed up to a famine price, and we should probably have to accept a humiliating peace. But if we could double our acreage under corn we might be able to last out till the temporary disaster was repaired, and we should then escape becoming "the conscript appanage" of a foreign Power. Therefore the proposal of Lord Milner's Committee is a patriotic one. It has nothing to do with protection, feudalism, or tariff reform except in the disordered imagination of those people who have not yet been able to understand that we are at war.

It seems probable that the Treasury Committee may decide in the interest of public economy to reduce the money spent on education. Hitherto education has been costly out of all proportion to its results. We cannot agree with "The Teachers' World", whose editor and contributors seem to regard change as a "peril of blind economy". Now is not a time for transcendental talk about the views held by "educationists". What have we gained as a nation from forty years of torrid expenditure? Public verdicts on national affairs have shown no wisdom; a craving for fiction in all things has hoodwinked the people. There is no discipline among those classes who have received very expensive schooling. Strikes in a time of national danger are decisive proofs that our schools have been defective.

LEADING ARTICLES.

THE QUALITY OF GERMAN STRENGTH.

THE secret of German power and German success has been frankly revealed by the German writers. It lies in the energy of their will to succeed—an energy untroubled by any shyness as to the means employed, any wavering between cross-purposes, any tenderness for interests or sentiments opposed to them. The German nation has for a generation given its thought and time to the expansion and strengthening of Germany's position in Europe with a deadly concentration of will unmatched in history. There has been no such painful industry as obtains in the schools of Germany, and this industry has always for its object the training of German craftsmen, traders, and mechanics who shall plunder the world. The German universities are well described as an academic garrison, while that other garrison, the German Army, has been the centre of German life, and the German Navy is an adventure which sums up the aspirations of all German patriots towards the threefold extension of Germany by way of maritime commerce, colonies, and ships of war. German diplomacy, again, has pushed, asserted, and proselytised, always with the clearest sense of what Germany has required and an utter disregard of all influences incompatible or obstructive. In a word, the real source of Germany's power lies, not in superior genius, in cleverness or swiftness of mind, still less in any breadth of vision, but almost solely in the sureness and singleness of her aim. Germany has always known precisely what she wanted and has worked systematically to obtain it. This has given her an immense advantage over nations which have had two or more minds as to most questions; which have been, often rightly and humanly, guided by their friendships and respect for unwritten laws; which have, at times blindly and credulously, followed easier ways than the way of best advantage, easier ways even than the way of security and strength.

We may take two separate and important events of the current week in illustration of this—events at first sight unconnected. First, there is the new revelations as to the dealings of the British and German diplomatists in 1912. Second, there is the strike of the Welsh miners. Each of these things illustrates the quality of German strength by throwing into relief the contrast, in this one particular of national concentration, between Germany and Great Britain.

Germany's strength in 1912 and in the two years of preparation which succeeded 1912 lay simply in this—that Germany knew what she wanted and heeded no other Power. She laid down her programme of "defence" and was resolved to be above all anxiety. The German Government was able to act as expressive of a national purpose which came instinctively first. Compare with this the motives which in 1912 led the British Government to send Lord Haldane to Berlin. There is no one dominating motive or clear idea behind his unfortunate mission. Not one motive, but half-a-dozen different motives, ruled. There was apprehension concerning the big German programme for the Navy. There was a desire to save money at home for social measures. There was the necessity to humour a group of political supporters. There was a sincere desire to find some basis of agreement and friendship—praiseworthy in itself, but mistaken in its expression and far astray in its reckoning. There was a growing recognition of the aggressive character of the German temper and a corresponding recognition of the need to consider closely our friendship with France. The point to remark is that there was no clear, urgent, and decisive point of view such as ruled the intentions of the German Government. Germany wanted power to dictate in Europe. Overwhelming force by sea, eventually, as well as by land was her appointed programme; but she was willing to modify this programme on certain exact conditions. She would, in fact, be content with overwhelming power

by land if Great Britain would guarantee, in the clearest and most precise language, to stand away altogether from the Continent of Europe. Count Metternich, according to Sir E. Grey's own confession, said outright that the German Chancellor's price for a reduction of German naval estimates amounted to a guarantee of absolute neutrality on the part of Great Britain. Such is the simplicity of nations which think continually of a single, definite purpose. Lord Haldane was offered the only sort of bargain which the German Government and nation could understand. What they utterly failed to understand was the position of Great Britain: anxious to be friendly in the general interests of Europe as well as economical and secure in herself. The actual offers from Great Britain were taken by Germany as evidence either of infirmity of purpose or of a deliberate chicanery. Accordingly the negotiations dropped and Germany went on with her shipbuilding.

What followed is even more significant. Reading of these Berlin negotiations in 1912 one is struck with the weakness not so much of the British Foreign Office as of the Government's attitude to political and national questions at home, which first imposed upon the Foreign Office a task which was bound to fail and afterwards refused to act upon the warning clearly received of Germany's intentions. The actual negotiations, when we consider the divided counsel and conflicting motives which inspired them, were well managed. Lord Haldane or Sir E. Grey—the document is not clear as to who exactly it was—seems at once to have seen the trap that was laid for British diplomacy in the first plausible proposals of the German Chancellor. Germany would have remained free to support her friends, while Great Britain would not. The proposal was finally rejected by Sir E. Grey, who loyally objected to any engagement which might tie the hands of Great Britain. But the matter did not, unfortunately, end with the return of Lord Haldane. The divided purpose which had inspired his visit willfully ignored the significance of its failure. The British Government had received a clear warning to prepare. This warning was not only ignored, but party attacks continued to be directed against the vigilant party at home *with the sanction of the Government*. Could anything more poignantly illustrate how vital a thing is a purpose undivided and clear in determining the strength of a nation? One half the cleverness of Mr. Asquith's Government united with one half the national resolution and concentration of Germany would have done well for England in these fatal years 1912-14. But England was not even warned of her peril by the British Government. The mind of the British Cabinet was full of other matters than the signs from Berlin. It was less sensitive to such things than to the progress of certain Bills in the House of Commons, the need of funds for legislative enterprises at home, the evidence offered it by comforting counsellors. "Pax longa, vita brevis" was written above the door of the Cabinet in these fatal years. Meantime, with an undivided will, Germany was making ready for war.

We turn now to our second illustration. There could be no striking of miners or of any class of workers in Germany to-day. This does not imply that patriotism is a virtue of more worth and power in Germany than in England, any more than the gross neglect of our preparations for war after 1912 implies that British statesmanship was incapable, had it cared to look, of reading an obvious challenge in the attitude of Germany. On the other hand, it shows clearly enough that there are men in Great Britain to-day who have as yet no conception of a common national will and purpose even when their country is at war. This evil state of things is no sudden apparition. It has taken a generation of divided politics and classes, of separatist and selfish appeal, to bring it about. While our enemy was learning to think as a nation with a purpose the workers of Great Britain were intent upon quite other matters. These matters were

not necessarily incompatible with patriotism and national feeling, as the fine response of the miners themselves to the call of enlistment testifies. But they were matters which, to put it in the least disputable way, at all events seriously competed with the view that a man's first duty is to his country, that his first interest is to see his country is secure and unimpeachable. The trade unionists who guard their privileges to-day at the expense of the nation and of their fighting comrades are in an evil rut. It is difficult to suppose them at all conscious in bulk of the vile quality of their present jealousies and apprehensions. Their conduct puts them with the men who betray their friends and conspire against their country. Yet such is the weakness for which our national failure to concentrate is responsible that the Government's sole weapon in dealing with these men is to admit their point of view and grant them what they ask. Their conduct is such as would be expected from men hired by the enemy to defeat the nation. Yet it is accepted as quite normal. It is even rewarded and flattered. The same divided will which was responsible for the flouting of Lord Roberts in 1912 and the slow infiltration of the virus of anarchy now in South Wales still holds us back from the one effective anti-toxin. We have to master the secret for war purposes of the quality of German strength—the secret of concentration and discipline. The nation must be challenged by a clear affirmation of the principle of obligation to regard itself as of one mind and one will.

THE GREAT ALLIANCE.

THE present attempts of Germany to break, or at least to disturb, the close alliance of the Entente Powers have served to put into a clear historic perspective the very remarkable character of our common league. At first sight nothing might seem easier, especially to the cynical Government of Germany, than to throw discord into an alliance of nations whose temperaments, interests and motives are as diverse as frontiers can make them. What have the French, Russian, British and Italian soldiers fundamentally in common between them? Is there any real likeness even in their valour? The deeds we have heard of from Poland, from the Argonne, from the valleys of Serbia and the passes of the Alps show, it is true, that valour is a common bond; but all valour is not alike, and is not necessarily fed by the same fire. National tradition and humour gives to it an individual inspiration and means of expression. We cannot conceive of the Russian peasant taking anything in the nature of "Tipperary" for a marching song. We cannot imagine British infantry of the line thrilling to the noble phrases in which M. Théodore Botrel was appointed official laureate of the French armies. M. Gabriele D'Annunzio, with his aeroplane, and manifestos scattered from heaven, is obviously a part of the inspiration of Italy. But who would with confidence dismiss him into the sky from Hendon or Brooklands? When to the different temperaments of the Allied nations we add the diversity of their political and social arrangements, the varied direction of their interests, and the fact that Germany lies like an iron bar between the Allies of the East and the West, this league might well seem to the superficial eye a frail and perilous thing. How, it might well be argued, shall the logic of France continue to see eye to eye with the religion of Russia, or with Great Britain's imperial idealism? How are partners to be held together whose Governments, aspirations, and circumstances have hardly a point in common? Surely to a diplomatist working in Berlin it might seem but a simple matter to bring doubt and misunderstanding into their counsels—more especially as this particular diplomatist has not been trained to distinguish union from uniformity. The German idea of union is that everyone shall think, speak and act in the same way. He can see nothing in the least resembling that sort of union in the great alliance of his enemies. Hence he is hopeful of disunion, just as before the war he

was hopeful of the British Empire, owing to its diversity, falling apart under the strain of a common effort.

Those who have at all closely followed the line taken recently in the German Press as to Russia will detect without much difficulty the beginning of an astute campaign to divide the Allies. The recent German campaign of peace-offering has had nothing to do with any weakening of the intention or spirit of Germany. Only those who really demand to be flattered and deceived have for one moment believed that Germany is as yet anywhere near to a genuine offer of peace. The German Press campaign has had two purposes in view. One was to impress neutral nations: the other to test, in a preliminary fashion, the strength of the great alliance. In each of these respects the campaign has been as yet extremely tentative. It has, as a diplomatic reconnaissance, succeeded in so far as it has shown the German Government that neutral Governments are not at this moment likely to encourage any mere making of mischief at the expense of the Allies, and in so far as it has also revealed to Germany a firm and enthusiastic solidarity of all parties to the alliance. The final answer to the German campaign—a campaign pushed in Russia with more energy and skill than is at all realised over here—is contained in the noble answer of the Moscow representatives this week—an answer which sums up the speeches and policy of the Duma. The programme of Russia in this war is the programme which Mr. Asquith has put into the plainest English terms, and which M. Pichon has several times laid before his countrymen. The common enterprise of the Allies will be carried through at all costs to the common end.

It is this common end of our alliance which is the indissoluble bond of union—a bond which not only overrides, but is also fortified and enriched by, the very diversity it covers. This war will be viewed in history as a war of nationality against Kultur—Kultur in the precise Teutonic meaning of the word. Europe is threatened with nothing less than a denationalised uniformity imposed by German domination—a uniformity to be spread over all frontiers partly by penetration, partly by conquest and tribute. How bitterly Russia has suffered from the "penetration", economic and social, of German Kultur every disaster of her late history witnesses. France could not be "penetrated". Her civilisation was too established and too old; her national character and spirit too articulate and vital to yield. France, therefore, was to be destroyed. The real question to be settled by this war is the question of nationality and the spiritual significance of frontiers. The exhibition of a rich and vital diversity of spirit and intention is therefore of the essence of this effort of nations, small and great, to preserve their identity and independence. The zeal with which the French soldier fights for France is not cooled, but encouraged, when he realises that the Russian and British soldier is about a similar business in a different way. The Allies are each asserting the principle of national independence and national right, and they recognise in one another a broad identity of purpose which no diversity can destroy. The fact that France is fighting for Alsace strengthens, and does not conflict, with the parallel efforts of her Ally in Poland.

In practical terms, though the temperaments and interests are diverse, they are all equally concerned with the one supreme task of the moment. Germany has to accept peace from a victorious alliance—a peace which will preserve to the nations of Europe an absolute freedom and security. No one of them can make an indecisive peace with the enemy without betraying the cause of nationality in Europe, without running the risk of putting Europe in peril of ultimate absorption by the German ideal. This consideration, so long as Germany is rampant, far outweighs any balance of material interests between this nation and that. It explains why there has never been in history an alliance of nations so close and intimate. It was almost at once perceived by the Allied Powers, within a few weeks of the opening of the war, that there could be for none of them any question of limited liability. All had to go into the enterprise with all they had. It was

not a question of balancing what one nation could do with what another would do, or of measuring the effort according to the possible fruits of victory. It was a question of unity in a common and unreserved effort to meet a common and aggressive peril.

German diplomacy has hitherto ignored this root fact as to the great alliance. It has tried to hint to Russia that her western allies have suffered less and contributed less than she. It has sought to compare the efforts of France with those of Great Britain. It has pointed out that Russia has no real interest in Belgium. These tactics ignore that the Allies are acting on the principle re-affirmed this week by the people of Russia. The enterprise is common; the resources are pooled; and there will be no peace till the nations of Europe can meet to settle their own affairs and dictate that settlement to the common enemy.

THE SUBMARINE CALCULATIONS OF GERMANY.

LAST week Lord Selborne publicly declared that the British Navy had the German submarines well under control. The same day there came to London the first hint of a possible—it is not yet a definite—change in the German attitude towards the protests of America. There is here more than a coincidence of time. The two things are vitally connected. It will be well to state quite briefly the precise attitude of the German Government in this matter of the submarine. It is the attitude of an astute, cynical and calculating Government. It is not the attitude of a penitent, or wavering, or blundering Government. The change in Germany's attitude is not due to any prickings of humanity, to any mere domestic quarrels between von Tirpitz and Bethmann-Hollweg, to any admission that the torpedoing of the "Lusitania" was at the time a grievous error. It is due to a very shrewd calculation of profit and loss. Germany has decided to change her tone. She offers an undertaking to torpedo no more passenger ships without warning—because Germany thinks that thereby she will embarrass the Allied Powers more seriously. The movement of the German Government to come to terms with America is an event which strikes thoughtful British observers in two ways. It rouses first of all a high and lawful pride in the British Navy, the story of whose dealings with new and unexpected perils of warfare by sea will one day astound the world. It rouses next a certain degree of anxiety as to the future. Taking the first of these points, the governing fact in Germany's attitude is that the warfare by submarine has not met with the success on which von Tirpitz was counting. It has met with less and less success as time has gone on. At first the anxiety, felt alike by experts and by all seafaring men, was great. Any such statement as that of Lord Selborne a week ago would have been falsely and absurdly braggart in the first months of the German campaign. It is no longer so. The German submarines, owing to the measures and invention of the Navy, have been finding it increasingly difficult to carry on their work with success. That work has become increasingly dangerous and increasingly scanty in its results, despite the enlargement and increase of the German submarine fleet. In a word, the campaign by submarine has failed. In all kinds of unexpected ways the British Navy has been found quite amazingly equipped to deal with this warfare by assassination. This is a matter for pride and gratitude towards the British Navy. It is a signal instance of the ability of British genius and method to equal and surpass any that the enemy can show provided there is an equal concentration of purpose, an equally scientific and experienced organisation.

But we have now to look to the future. The German Government seems to have decided to exchange the dwindled profits of its campaign by submarine for diplomatic advantages in America. The German Foreign Office, which hitherto has had to play for American good will with von Tirpitz as a millstone,

has now freed its neck and will be in a far stronger position to forward its campaign of organised mischief. We must expect that Germany's vast organisation for the influence of neutral opinion will henceforth be worked to better advantage than hitherto. Already it has enabled Germany to steal many a serviceable horse when the Allied Powers were not allowed even to look over the hedge. This, at least, is clear—that Germany expects to get more out of her propaganda in America than she has lately been getting out of the sinking of liners without warning given. It is worth mentioning, perhaps, in this connection that this week the British Government has released from Rotterdam a large consignment of German goods for America, and that the American Press has read this action as evidence that *England as well as Germany* thinks America worth propitiating. Germany is counting that in return for refraining from the murder of American citizens on the high seas she may get by way of American influence facilities for German-American trade.

Into this line of reasoning, so far as it affects the conduct of British relations with America, we obviously cannot enter. We would merely point out that Germany is playing skilfully for mischief. Her change of tactics is not a change of soul; but the unwavering and unscrupulous pursuit of the same end by another method. Craft is an English and a German word which signifies by derivation both force and cunning. Force has failed to impeach our British hold upon the sea; so cunning is now to be tried.

THE FIGHTING COURAGE OF THE NATION.

HISTORIANS, in their attitude towards valour, combine into a whole its separate elements and effects, giving but little attention to individual men and their deeds. So they train their readers to view brave events in massed results, and never to dwell long on details, unless the details give in brief the quality and character of the whole. Napier, for instance, whenever he singles out a brave man for detached praise, wants to explain why Wellington in the Peninsula could always depend on the superlative excellence of his British troops. Battle after battle was won by a valour that would not yield. To pick out a man here and there from Wellington's regiments is like taking a pinch of gold from the Mint.

The present war has given to us a great many such pinches of gold, but is it certain that public opinion has assayed them quite in the right way? Take as an example the inspired valour of Captain Hawker, whose achievements must be as fresh in the people's memory as the shining and tragic fame of Warneford. What is the spirit or genius of these gallant actions? Captain Hawker has proved that he can pass from success to success without being unnerved by official honours and by public adulation. He is devoted, and knows not the pride of self which sudden fame brings to a great many men. This man was not obsessed or excited by honour and glory. His work needed a cool brain and a wise, calm hand. When Captain Hawker defeated the three large German aeroplanes, fighting against six trained men, armed with machine-guns, he was all alone, and his every movement required a mind so rapid in strategic thought that we cannot put a name on its qualities. Instantaneous merit suggests the word "intuition", but intuition without trained knowledge is a bungler. We can but marvel over the deeds of Captain Hawker, remembering always that he represents the spirit of British airmanship, whose initiative and bravery are active all day long. To a civilian the art of airmanship in war has a terror of its own because of its loneliness: it is a strategist voyaging through space with the self-discipline of each pilot, who must never pine for the routine that aids courage among masses of men.

Airmanship is the most recent step of progress in the long and slow evolution of courage—an evolution which has passed by degrees from savagery to an im-

proving citizenship. What qualities have been the motive-powers behind this creeping progress? What purposes in the life of our country have been served through the ages and sages by the evolution of courage? And in what mood of thought should these questions be weighed and measured, not by historians only, but by the public? Is not courage a virtue to be received most of all with gratitude and thanksgiving? Has it not the highest place among those perishable things so good and so necessary to ordered life that their survival from age to age is bound up with the very existence of a nation? Are we not bound to keep conspicuously before our minds the fact that we are all pensioners of the self-denying valour which for many centuries has been a commonplace in our Army and Navy? Certainly this becoming modesty can do us no harm at all in the parts which civilians have to play now as minor actors in a vast conflict. The great deeds of the war should be for us far more than a mere sensation—as mere opportunities for emotion and pride; for we are accepting from soldiers and sailors the shelter which they earn for us with their bravery; and our thankfulness must be the more quiet and full when we think of the many brave States and empires whose rational life dwindled through disunion and decadence into an obscuring of these necessary virtues.

The present war has been and will remain the most thorough test which the character of our race has experienced. From to-day onward to the final scenes of this war corporate courage in many great nations will earn very different rewards. It should be our aim to place the subject in its own atmosphere. No one, certainly not the brave men who have been picked out for special honours—will deny that it has been frequently vulgarised. Altruism, sacrifice, self-forgetfulness, and corporate loyalty are the principal elements of courage; and it is just these things which are obscured by sensational rhetoric.

Everyone who has talked with men who have been honoured knows that they hate to be notorious, to be considered exceptional, to be displayed. These things profane our heritage of noble courage which alone can merit victory. Short of the lyric enthusiasm of a poet, one prefers to hear of our great acts of war—whether the silencing retreat from Mons, or the cool strategy of Warneford, or the beautiful bravery of Hawker—in the brief phrase of the official despatch. Such deeds should not be placarded. We require to be lifted from a routine of thoughtless clamour into humbled companionship with those high thoughts and right feelings by which all national bravery is governed. Lord Roberts noted this fact, for he said with truth that we needed a public on its knees. To him the duty of being loyal and useful in the war was a sacred creed; and he knew from long personal experience that courage in all its highest forms must be modest, far off from self-obtrusion, because great dangers cannot be overcome by those who value their own lives and interests more than they value a noble cause and its honour. The highest courage is nothing less than to die that others may live; and we who profit by it should be very humble and very grateful and very thoughtful. It should make the whole nation understand why self-respect in this war must be shown by every citizen, as well as by the disciplined battle-lines. We have to be worthy of the cause. Our men are fighting for truth, fighting also for liberty—not the liberty that hurries egoism into licence, but the liberty that is free to do the right thing for the common good. And they are fighting against a nation whose temper is barbaric, whose aim is to enslave the rest of Europe, and whose devotion to false ideals has a thoroughness akin to that of cyclones and earthquakes.

One hardly likes to consider what some of our heroic men have had to suffer in their brief visits to England. They have been shown off at recruiting campaigns; have been shot at by a million Kodaks; have been marched through the streets to attract men into the Army; and three of them appeared in a weekly illustrated paper standing in a row, hand in hand, and making no secret of their discomfort. This is the way to offend brave men and to ignore the precious truth

that their courage is representative of the spirit which is the common possession of our finest regiments. The men hate to be exhibited as "heroes", more for this last reason than any other. It seems to cast a slur upon their comrades. And their courage may even be spoiled by it, and become foolhardiness.

If unusual valour were a new virtue among our soldiers and sailors, if it had not been a profuse actor throughout the centuries of British history, one could understand and excuse some of the more unfortunate attributes of the current attitude to its unselfish deeds. The truth is that much of this celebration rests less upon gratitude than upon a longing for excitement that keeps us away from the true reverence which great sacrifices demand and from acknowledging our dependence on lost lives. Duty has never been afraid of death: and brave men are not conscious of their bravery in face of a task to be achieved. Those who from a distance watched the marvellous landings of brave men on the Gallipoli coast must have sweated with an anxious fear scarcely felt at all by the attacking parties.

There are times when our national heritage of courage illustrates in a wonderful manner a dual bravery, at once active and inactive; it neither retreats nor advances, but stands busily in the open to be shot at while it attempts to do with unflinching care and skill a difficult and necessary job. Thus the beaching of the transport "River Clyde" at the Dardanelles with the finishing of the bridge of lighters, described by Vice-Admiral de Robeck, is a deathless exploit of this dual bravery. Five great spirits won the Victoria Cross: Commander Unwin, two midshipmen, Malleston and Drewry, and two seamen, Williams and Samson. Williams was slain, but we and his family will receive his honour and glory. Hundreds of years hence boys at school will be commanders and sailors and midshipmen on the "River Clyde" and the bridge of lighters, and will say to one another: "Can we hope ever to be like Unwin and the others?" They will feel very humble, as do boys to-day when they read about splendid bravery. Even savages are awed into silence by acts of unusual valour. There is a story in old Leland that unites the Tudor age with our D.S.O.'s and V.C.'s. At the battle of Dixmude a Coventry archer named John Pearson had one of his legs shattered by a cannon ball, but continued to use his bow either kneeling or sitting; and when the French began to retreat and the English troops were ordered to advance, Pearson said to a comrade, "Have these three arrows which remain and continue thou the chase, for I may not". It changes never, this true-born courage; and usually we should read with awe about its regimented deeds rather than pick out a brave man here and there; for it is ships and regiments that win victories, and only a small percentage of uncommonly brave actions become conspicuous in the heat and stress of battle. John Pearson is memorable for the same reason as a V.C., because he personifies the spirit of a great army, not because he is unique. Medals and orders would be an insult if they implied that their possessors have qualities not to be found elsewhere in the Army and Navy. They are but symbols to commemorate necessary qualities which are common to all brave men and women and children. Our generals in the field have said again and again that the noticed acts of transcendent valour are few in comparison with the unnoticed, whose history is made known by results. For this reason, among others, would it not be an excellent thing to grant a V.C. or the D.S.O. to the Colours of our regiments? Voting has awarded the Cross to three men of one regiment, but the Colours also need a reward from the memory of Victoria.

Great courage in battle more than any other influence transforms a daughter-State into a confident nation. Canada, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, have gained from their troops in a year more national spirit than a century of peace would have given to them; and now their more virile hopes and aspirations enter as a discipline into the politics of compromise over which our old country has dallied in

a party spirit. The British Empire of July 1914 exists no longer. She has been transformed by her soldiers and sailors—a tremendous fact in our heritage of valour which the British public must try to understand.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 57) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE EASTERN THEATRE.

THE study of previous failures and the lessons afforded thereby have not been lost upon the Great General Staff in Berlin. A masterly piece of strategy far greater in conception than the ordinary mind can grasp has been rewarded with success chiefly owing to the perfection of co-ordinate tactical operations. A proper understanding of the use of railways and guns, a happy utilisation of extreme force where success was imperative, has enabled the director of the German armies to accomplish in one month what had been attempted in ten previous months. It may be argued that operations of the nature that we have witnessed in the Eastern theatre for the past three months become simple in execution when counter-offensive is absent. That such strategic movements are made easier and that the machinery will run smoother where a counter-blow is not delivered is apparent; but fortresses and rivers define lines of resistance in retreat, and the power of the defensive, even if limited to a period, inflicts costly punishment on an assailant. Germany now stands on Russian soil along a front of well-nigh 800 miles, with a firm footing, but at a sacrifice which may demand a tax upon her administration.

The advance of the line of phalanxes, each one marching with its head directed along a line of railway towards the strategic point in the successive lines of Russian defence, has been carried out with extraordinary synchronism. The line of the Vistula with its river fortresses of Nowo Georgiewsk, Warsaw and Ivangorod was foredoomed to evacuation once the defences on the Narew had succumbed. Only at Nowo Georgiewsk was resistance contemplated for the set purpose of fighting a delaying action in order to facilitate the retreat of the armies of our Ally which remained on the farther, or left, bank of the great river Vistula. Warsaw was evacuated only to save the town of nigh 800,000 inhabitants the horrors of a bombardment. Ivangorod, a second-class fortress, ceased to play a part in the defensive line once the passages of the river to the north and south of it had been secured by the enemy. The retirement from the Vistula freed many army corps for our Ally, and the forfeiture of the Warsaw salient narrowed the front to be defended. Numbers and superiority in German matériel acting on the line of the Niemen have, however, determined the dispositions of the Russian armies. The fall of the fortress of Osowiec, the defence of which will some day furnish copy for a page of history, opened from the north the line of defence running nearly due north and south through Bialystok, Bielsk, Brest and Wlodawa, the two latter places on the Middle Bug. Our Ally has been outmanœuvred, and has thus lost his own selected strategic line of defence for his western frontier. The fall of the fortress of Kovno on the northern flank of the third line of resistance and the loss of the position of Kovel on the southern flank create a military situation which it would be unwise to regard as otherwise than serious, if not critical. The methods of the attack upon Kovno of themselves disclose that a great strategic purpose is intended in the north by the German armies. Report states that over 600 siege guns were massed for the intention of the speedy pulverisation of the circle of forts and the reduction of the works. One can realise that with the perfection of gun-laying from hidden positions that now obtains and with the extreme range of the weapons employed a deluge of fire can be concentrated successively upon fort after fort and resistance would be hopeless. Permanent fortifi-

cation as now existing must succumb to high explosive, and the problem of future defence afforded to the land engineer is assuming a species of combat similar to that known for so many years to the sailor as guns *versus* armour. Immunity from bombardment, which the latest experts had trusted would be secured by concrete foundations and parapets, and with cupolas of steel for gun protection, will be secured only by a change of system which will give mobility to heavy armament. A series of duels in the air will be fought by the rival reconnoitring airmen in their special endeavours to locate the sites of the heavy ordnance on the hostile sides. When the defence of strongholds has been perfected, it is not improbable that we may return to the days of siege and investment; but until this perfection is reached fortresses will count for little in the present war beyond being of value as bridge-heads of a temporary nature or cover for defiles leading to and from barren and inhospitable land. Kovno in German hands means a great deal. Behind it stands a fine railway system from East Prussia added to the gain of the whole waterway of the river Niemen. The fortress of Grodno stands athwart a somewhat similar railway system.

In front to the east lies Vilna, a railway centre of vital importance to the retreating armies of the Grand Duke in their retrograde to the interior of Russia. Von Hindenburg's forces to the north in the Courland province will be free to pivot upon the captured fortress and sweep to the east to the line of the river Dwina, and thus gravely imperil the lines of communication of our Ally with his northern base. The old marshal's armies, with their network of rail communication in their rear, may be even strong enough to meditate a double purpose independent of that adumbrated above. The marshal may contemplate a direct attack upon the northern capital. It would be of much service at this moment to locate the position of the German headquarters. If at Königsberg, it would afford a line of thought. Thus far in the great retreat the Grand Duke has lost his fortresses, but has saved his armies. The hostile attempts at Riga and also to gain the line of the river Dwina point to a determined effort at the envelopment of the Russian central armies from the north while the movements of Von Mackensen at Kovel threaten a similar attempt on the south with an alternative of driving the armies of our Ally into the Pripet marshes or cutting them off from the causeways leading therefrom and then producing such an irreparable congestion on the line of retrograde as will entail wholesale capture or surrender. Upon the fate of the fortresses at Dubno, Luzk and Rovno in the southern area of the marshes much will depend.

The lines of retreat become less numerous as the armies of our Ally move eastward. The pressure of the enemy appears greater and greater at each step. The pace is so killing as to convince the critic that a prompt decision is intended at all costs and for one purpose—to avoid the necessity of a winter campaign. Germany has appraised the inactivity of the Allies in the West to full advantage. The entire mobile energy of her armies on both fronts has been concentrated where mobility could be of service. We shall learn later on that, though perhaps fighting units in great numbers have not been transferred from West to East, yet that armies of pioneers, railway battalions, bridge builders, navvies, transport workers, and such administrative services as give legs to pursuit have been withdrawn from the West and have found themselves at work in a sphere of operations more suited to their purpose, and are sharing in a military exploit which threatens to be one of the greatest that are known to military history. A defence or a retreat becomes a one-sided contest when the task is committed to "raw and unarmed levies," yet the admirable spirit of the armies of our Ally remains unbroken and their morale high. The Russian retains his fighting spirit and his faith in his superiority to the German, but he must perforce await the means for equalising the contest. The misfortune of war finds our Ally paralysed in his efforts to strike back. Germany's

goddess of Fortune takes no symbolic form. She is embodied in the living person of Frau Krupp. In the race against time Germany may be trusted to ignore the advice afforded by the adage that it is "the pace that kills." She is lavish of the blood of her sons where military necessity dictates. We are content to concern ourselves with estimates of her losses and of the man-power available for the great war machine which grinds out soldiers and their equipment, supply and munitions. She is yet a long way from the period when exhaustion calls for a halt, heavy as has been the demand upon her resources; yet diplomacy may bring down with a crash the huge success that she has been building up in the East.

The opportunity of the Balkan States may arise when they see across their frontiers the remains of a huge army getting spent by its own exertions. In the wrangle over the spoils of a successful contest in which they themselves fought with a united front against a common foe they had every reason to learn what military exhaustion means to a combatant and what an electric effect the entry of a fresh armed force has upon the situation. While a million and a half of men are straining to obtain a vital decision in the Eastern theatre, more particularly in its northern sphere, diplomacy may accomplish the task of uniting the military and political differences of the minor States and afford opportunity for the combined effort of a million fresh men to enter the arena and put the question of an early peace beyond dispute.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

THE ROUTING OF THE VIGILANTS.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

I HAVE never seen, either in the SATURDAY REVIEW or in any other publication, an article on effective propagandism. Why, in definite terms, has successful propagandism been all on one side in politics and affairs? Why have the Febrilists always gained ground at the expense of the Vigilants? Why is it that sentimentality has been the principal motive-power in our political life, not for a few years, but since early Victorian times? There have been short periods of reaction, but each relapse into sentimentality has given greater power to the traffic of claptrap. In a great many political fights the Febrilists have routed the Vigilants. Weakness has overcome reason and strength combined, as in the Febrilist attacks on Lord Roberts; and now for thirteen months we have been driven into errors and muddles by those very sections of the public who were pro-German before the war began. After the war Febrilism will be in full blast again: its traditions are kept warm by its many journalists, and its bookmen also are active. Surely the reasons of its past victories ought to be studied.

First reason. Although the Febrilists are divided and sub-divided into a great many groups of enervated triflers, yet they hang together and follow a common policy. Their creed is supergoodness. They look upon themselves as ethical dictators, and regard their opponents as either non-moral or plainly immoral. This attitude of mind has a great effect on the unreflective, who like to be asked to give their votes to the angels. It is hard for them to support a side which is reputed to be vicious and dangerous.

Second reason. Febrilists—or the Supergood—declare that the act of opposing them is a proof not only of non-morality or of immorality, but of absolute iniquity—a terrible thing indeed. To be a "back number" at the present time is fatal in art, in literature, in science, and in politics; and to proclaim day by day that a given man or a given movement is a "back number", a "reactionary", a "hater of free institutions", a "foe to the British working man", a "dull, sour, truculent Tory", is to get home with a deadly first blow before the enemy has mobilised his defence.

Third reason. Febrilists—or the Supergood—pass from attack to attack and try to suppress all evidence that assails the weakest parts of their battle-lines. It is not their business to defeat themselves by advertising their foe's unanswerable arguments. For example, let us suppose that they favoured an equitable National Service, and that our side believed in the present system of "moral pressure" and insulting advertisement. How would the Febrilists make their attack? They would choose four lines of argument and would never swerve from them, no matter what the provocation might be. One argument would be historical: that the principle of compulsion in national defence was recognised in England throughout the Middle Ages, and that it survived to recent times in pressgangs and the Militia. Another argument would be industrial: that the alleged voluntary system during a time of grave national peril enticed men at haphazard from essential industries, and by so doing endangered the realm. The other two arguments would be moral: (a) that no man fit to defend his native land should be free to hire another man to fight on his behalf; and (b) that our voluntary system is a detestable falsehood, in that it employs compulsion in many forms all day long, yet pretends to give every man a free choice between civilian work and soldiering. These arguments, if the Febrilists had adopted them and pushed them at all times and in all ways, would have won the day half a year ago; and this leads on to the

Fourth reason. Every Febrilist understands that a national controversy is like a national game, such as cricket; it must make the same good strokes match after match, and must never be tired of doing the same thing in the same fashion and with the same skill. As a cricketer scores as often as he can from his favourite strokes, so a Febrilist repeats the same views for months and for years without losing his zest and zeal; and, as a cricket team obeys a plan of campaign, so a Febrilist never weakens his own side by playing a selfish game. On our side the tactics are different. Very soon we tire of repeating the same thing, and of reading the same opinions and facts: we are egotistic, and forget that the business of controversy is to gain recruits. We do not write for the Free Libraries where recruits are to be won; and we tolerate half-and-half men and a complete lack of unity. To-day, for instance, National Service receives ardent support from men who show no discipline in their campaign, whereas the Febrilists, who are passionately opposed to general discipline in the nation's defence, are admirably disciplined in their controversial methods.

Fifth reason. Never do they explain or regret their tremendous past mistakes, but act always as if their conduct could never be wrong; so the very writers who, at the beginning of August 1914, wanted their country to desert France and Belgium and to keep her "finances healthy" by trading with the belligerents—these writers, I say, at the present moment put on pious airs because they are opposed to National Service. And the odd thing is that they are read by a very large public, who have forgotten already the abominable trash that flowed from the same pens in July and August 1914. One cannot but admire the longevity of the Febrilists.

Sixth reason. They take an enormous delight in money, and use finance as a weapon. Their most recent flight of imagination is to describe National Service as "the Penny a Day Army Party". This falsehood is addressed to the working classes, of course, who are told at the same time that supporters of National Service are "insane". This means that our Allies are all "insane", since the alleged "insanity of conscription" in our Allies has granted us a year in which to train armies. But the Febrilists are unconscious of the fact that they insult France, Russia, Italy, and Belgium. They are conscious of one thing only: that their aim is to rout the Vigilants once again, no matter what the consequences may become.

Seventh reason. They never rise above party politics. For thirteen months firm believers in the duty of National Service have toiled in the service of a spurious

voluntaryism rather than embarrass the Government. No Febrilist will ever try to make National Service a success. He belongs to a party, not to the country. And Mr. R. B. Cunningham Graham ("The Star", 25 August 1915) lets this unpleasant cat out of the bag; declaring that National Service and its devotees have two goals, "the getting rid of the last Liberal from the Coalition Government, and the fixing of compulsory service in order to be able to deal with trade unionism once the war is over". We are "the worst enemies of the British working classes". Such is the bitter nonsense that unveils the party spirit of our opponents. Imagine what a Frenchman would say if he were told that obligatory service in his country's defence prevented him from pushing his interests in peace time as a working man!

But this, after all, is not the main point. The main point is this: that the Vigilants will be routed again and again unless they learn from long and bitter experience the necessity of union and concerted action. Their authors—journalists and bookmen—ought to form a club or society for the discussion of their campaigns; and they must remember always that iteration and reiteration are essential to success in all controversy. Incessant repetition is the machine-gun of political and religious propaganda, as it is, in fact, of all education.

GERMAN MISREPRESENTATIONS.

By J. HOLLAND ROSE.

I.—THE "ENCIRCLING" OF GERMANY.

IN his speech of 19 August to the Reichstag the German Chancellor sought to re-fashion the history of the European crisis and of the events which led up to it. To deal here with all his misrepresentations of facts and motives is obviously impossible; and it is unnecessary for anyone who has the official documents of the Allies and of the Central Empires. But his statements concerning English attempts to "isolate" Germany call for some notice. They are these: "King Edward saw his main task in personally promoting the English policy of isolation against Germany". After his death (continued the Chancellor) there was a better chance of an Anglo-German Entente, but England rejected it. In the spring of 1914 she drew tighter her encircling net around Germany by a naval agreement with Russia. The war (which elsewhere he charged to England) "became unavoidable solely by a Russian mobilisation". The Allies are fighting in order to make Germany tributary to Russia. But Germany will reverse that process: she will see to it that the old Europe is not restored. "If Europe shall come to peace, it can only be possible by the inviolable and strong position of Germany. The English policy of the Balance of Power must disappear, because it is, as the English poet Shaw has recently said, a hatching-oven for wars. . . . Germany must so consolidate, strengthen, and secure her position that other Powers can never again think of a policy of isolation."

It is difficult to frame any consistent idea of policy out of this farrago, which seems designed both to flatter Mr. Bernard Shaw and to please German Chauvinists, to suggest arguments for the Union of Democratic Control, even while leaving Germany free to achieve absolute domination in Europe. Allowance must be made for the difficulties of the Chancellor's position, which explain his desperate effort to rally round him all parties of the Reichstag by that popular device, an indiscriminate attack on British statesmen. But how explain his assertion that we sought both to isolate Germany and to maintain the Balance of Power? The two aims are diametrically opposite. In order to isolate Germany we should have had to detach from her not only Austria and Italy, who were closely bound to her since 1879 and 1882, but also Turkey and Roumania, with whom she had compacts more or less binding. On the other hand, the policy of the Balance of Power implied the acceptance and recognition of Germany's existing alliances and the adoption of pre-

cautionary measures which would lessen or even counteract her predominance. To isolate her implied dissolving efforts applied to her and her allies. The maintenance of the Balance of Power after 1882 required constructive efforts among neutral States, not with a view to attack, but for purposes of defence against an extremely formidable League. To say that the British Government employed both methods at once is as contrary to reason as to the facts of the case.

What are they? Up to the year 1894 the Triple Alliance dominated Europe. Apart from the military and naval conventions entered into in 1891 by France and Russia, there was no sign of other Powers coalescing. Great Britain adhered to her "splendid isolation" in spite of the many Colonial losses and diplomatic rebuffs to which that negative policy exposed her. The only signs of interest that she displayed in maintaining the Balance of Power were in 1875 and 1876-8. In the spring of 1875 she and Russia let it be known that Germany could not be allowed to crush France, as the military party at Berlin were then planning. In 1876-8 the Beaconsfield Ministry championed the Turks against Russia. In 1887, also, during a time of sharp tension between France and Germany, Russia again signified her intention not to suffer an unprovoked attack upon the French Republic. It was not made, largely because William I. and Bismarck disliked a policy of aggression and adventure. The aged Kaiser supremely desired good relations with Russia. Even at the time of the Austro-German treaty of 1879 (when an attack from Russia seemed not improbable) he insisted that both Germany and Austria should "mutually promise to do their utmost for the maintenance of peace, and especially towards fostering peaceful relations with Russia".* Hence the Three Emperors' League and Bismarck's secret "Reinsurance Treaty" with Russia. So long as he controlled affairs there was no fear of a Russo-German War. So long as William I. and Frederick II. reigned, an attack upon France was out of the question, however much the Junkers might strain at the leash.

Bismarck's thoughts appear in his confidential statement to his secretary, Busch (7 April, 1888):—"It is not yet certain that Russia would take up arms against us if we were again to be attacked by the French; but if the Russians were to declare war upon us, the French would certainly join them immediately. And, after all, in such a war we should not be so very certain to win, while it would be a great misfortune, even if we were victorious, as in any case we should lose a great deal in blood and treasure, and also suffer considerable indirect damage through the interruption of work and trade; and we should never be able to take anything from the French and Russians that would compensate us for our losses. It is only the English who would benefit by it".†

Thus, after the Franco-German tension of 1875 and 1887, Bismarck was well aware that Russia (possibly also England) would intervene to prevent an unprovoked attack upon France. As for Russia, she felt safe so long as Bismarck's Reinsurance policy held the field. Therefore there was no need of an opposition League. Bismarck's chief aim was to keep things so far quiet as to avert what was to him "a nightmare", a hostile Coalition. Accordingly, during his ascendancy there was no need to carry into effect the principle of the Balance of Power. There was no need even of Ententes. The only "understanding" needed was that which existed in the brain of Kaiser and Chancellor, that if they unprovokedly attacked France, Russia (and possibly England) would help her. It is unnecessary to remark that such a state of things was far preferable to that which followed; for Ententes, however cordial, and a Balance of Power which produces a political stalemate, cannot but arouse feelings of suspicion, opposition and eager competition in armaments.

But the former condition of things vanished in June 1888, when William II. ascended the throne. A

* "Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck", II., 205.

† "Bismarck, Some Secret Pages in his History", III., 182.

shiver of apprehension swept through Europe at the perusal of his first public proclamation to the Army, that he was ever conscious of having one day to render account to his ancestors both for the glory and the honour of the Army. The emphasis was laid upon glory; and the old Hohenzollern notion of military glory requires no definition. In 1890 the situation became strained on his refusal to allow Bismarck to renew the Reinsurance Treaty with Russia—a change of policy which probably explains the dismissal of the Chancellor. This event and the renewal of the Triple Alliance in June 1891 brought about the long-discussed *rapprochement* between France and Russia, military and naval conventions being signed for mutual succour in case of an attack from the Kaiser. Even this occurrence did not give him pause; for he has this much in common with Napoleon the Great, that opposition of any kind incenses him and he seeks to crush it. "Those who oppose me in my work I will crush"—so he said on 5 March 1890; and he has acted in that sense. Within his Empire he succeeded, to the detriment of the national character; but, as was the case with the Corsican, he did not perceive that subservience within the Empire did not imply subservience on the part of other nations. Fears of a general war grew apace. They found expression in a remarkable article (believed to have been inspired by Bismarck) which appeared in the "Contemporary Review" of April 1892. In it were these sentences: "The fear is spreading in Germany that the ultimate consequences of the Emperor's departure from Bismarck's foreign policy will be disastrous. . . . Perhaps the most ominous joint product of the Emperor's vanity and superficiality combined is the megalomania, which he seems to be developing at an alarming rate. . . . It is this which causes the deepest anxiety in Germany, because it is believed that it may lead to some irreparable piece of want of tact, and thence to war".

The accession of the Tsar, Nicholas II., in November 1894, was soon followed by a definitive Franco-Russian Alliance. But that compact was then believed to be directed as much against Great Britain as against Germany. The Russo-French enterprises in Africa, which in 1898 culminated in Colonel Marchand's venture at Fashoda, aroused genuine concern in these islands. If the Franco-Russian Alliance finally became Teutophobe, instead of Anglophobe, the fault lay with William II.

At that time, too, he could have had our friendship, which, indeed, was offered him after Fashoda. He made use of the opportunity to effect an eventual "deal" on African affairs, and in 1899 on Samoa, the latter (as was natural during the Boer War) being greatly to his advantage. Therefore it is untrue to assert that, so soon as the Franco-Russian Alliance was formed, Great Britain gravitated towards it. She preserved, as far as possible, a friendly neutrality towards both groups, and (despite the Kaiser's Krüger telegram of January 1896) she on the whole inclined towards the German connection, until, at the close of the century, three events occurred which altered the outlook. These were (1) the Kaiser's tour to Turkey and Syria in 1898, ending with the threatening declaration at Saladin's tomb that he would always befriend the three hundred millions of the Moslem world (this, too, shortly after the Sirdar's triumph over Mahdism); (2) the German Navy Bills of 1898 and 1900, the latter aiming avowedly at naval supremacy, while we were deeply engaged in the Boer War; (3) the furiously anti-British propaganda in Germany, following on and accompanied by intrigues in South Africa which aimed at the extrusion of British authority. These circumstances, not the accession of Edward VII., compelled a revision of British policy, but not, at first, in a sense hostile to Germany.

In the sequel I propose further to test the Chancellor's assertions by well-known historical facts. In this article I have shown that Bismarck's ascendancy, except in the years 1875 and 1887, was a sufficient guarantee for peace; that, consequently, there was no need for his neighbours to frame more than the

vague and most conditional of arrangements by way of precaution against Germany; that, after William II.'s accession and the fall of the old Chancellor, the situation became increasingly tense, and that by the dawn of the twentieth century not only France and Russia, but also Great Britain, were compelled to abandon their policy of isolation. For this change one man alone is responsible, Kaiser William.

ALASSIO.

A WIDE semicircle of terraced and olive-clad hills, from the furthest and highest point of which three steep spurs run fanwise some two miles down to the sea—a long, narrow, grey town stretching from end to end of the plain at their feet—a wide-mouthed bay, its dancing, sparkling waters breaking in long white curves on a belt of soft golden sand—a few fishing boats drawn up almost to the backs of the houses—some brown nets drying in the sunshine—that is Alassio.

Alassio as she was some fifty years ago, when the first English settlers took possession of her fairest sites; and if you will add a certain number of gaily-painted villas nestling in their gardens on the slopes above the town, and about an equal number of white, fantastically ornamented Italian houses stretching beyond the town limits along the shore—a modest English church—an English club-house—a couple of lawn tennis courts of hardened sand—some eight or ten comfortable hotels—and, to crown all, the beautiful octagonal building which houses the famous English library, standing in a charming English tea-garden—that is the Alassio, also, of to-day.

For those who love the narrow path mounting the olive terraces by slow and patient zigzags—the stone-paved "Salità" boldly climbing the hill as if in disdain of its steepness—the sheep-track skirting the little streams which wind along the valley bottoms—the carpet of violets gleaming blue in the flickering shadows of the olive tree—the purple-berried myrtle giving grace to the stony hillside—the orange garden whose trees bend beneath the load of golden fruit—the peach tree and the almond tree whose wealth of blossom stands out against the olive-grey background with the effect of some fine piece of Oriental art—above all a sky of blue so deep and pure that English eyes are half-dazzled by its radiance, and air so sweet that every breath is an exhilaration—for those to whom such things as these are dear Alassio has a charm all her own.

"Old Alassio", situated on the lowest spur of the encircling hills, nearly a mile from the sea, still remains to show where the first settlers built their rude stone huts ere the shore was a safe dwelling-place. Some of these primitive huts, grouped around the ruins of a massive tower, serve as stables for the cows, mules, and donkeys of the peasants who inhabit the few remaining houses. And hard-by, on a tiny green plateau, stands the mother church of Alassio, the little crumbling chapel of Madonna delle Grazie, seldom opened for any service indeed, but still beloved of the contadini. The small unglazed window is seldom without a few wild flowers twisted in its iron cross-bars, a humble offering from some passer-by who has knelt on the worn step below it—worn by the knees of countless generations who have toiled along the steep stony "Salità" and paused for a moment's prayer at the ancient shrine of their forefathers.

But, when all is said, it is not to any work of man, ancient or modern, that Alassio owes her charm. Sweep away every vestige of antiquity, every improvement of modern civilisation, and yet she would enchant us with the beauty lavished on her by Nature.

"A turn, and we stand in the heart of things"—how often the words came to mind when following the windings of these Alassio valleys! Valleys where not only violets in wildest profusion—great scented blooms with stalks of almost fabulous length—but blue and

pink hepaticas, grape hyacinths, purple gladioli, orchids of a dozen different varieties, dainty fringed geraniums, the starry white garlic, big white and purple periwinkles, and a hundred humble unknown cousins, each in its season enamelled the short grass beneath your feet.

Would you know the full extent of Alassio's glory? Let your first excursion be to the Col di Moglio, or "The Gap". Leaving the town behind you, a narrow carriage road—

"A winding road which slowly mounts the hill
To where a purple height the vista closes"—

will bring you in forty minutes to the little village of Moglio, a typical Riviera rock-village, just a mass of masonry clinging like a wasps' nest to the steep hill-side, a confusion of arches, tunnels, blind alleys, steps and stairways defying description.

The carriage road stops abruptly at the entrance to Moglio, and now we mount by a stony mule-track through the olive woods till presently the limit of the olive tree is passed and we reach more open ground, where the white Mediterranean heath below and the pines above give a different character to the scene. Through the few scattered houses forming the hamlet of Vegliasco, past its half-ruined circular tower, still called by the contadini "The Saracen Tower", past little vineyards nestling on sunny slopes, past peach orchards and almond gardens, we mount till we stand at last on a bare rocky promontory, and see beyond the intervening ridges the ranges of hills bounding the wide Andora valley. At our feet the whole of Alassio and its surrounding country lies displayed as on a map. Impossible not to sit awhile on some sun-warmed bit of rock and look on sea and shore, and pick out the salient points in the wide expanse. But "The Gap" is still above us. Another ten minutes or so will bring us to the top; and then, when we have passed in single file through the few yards of deep cutting which gives "The Gap" its English name, we find ourselves, it seems to us, on the brink of another world. The ground before you slopes sharply away for more than a thousand feet, the narrow mule-track skirting the brink of the descent round a great amphitheatre of hills. Away on the sky-line, forty or fifty miles away, rise the Ligurian Alps in their majesty of lovely outline, perhaps shining white in the glory of newly-fallen snow, perhaps glowing purple as if carved from great amethysts, beautiful even when half hidden by veils of floating mist and clinging cloud.

Between us and the mountain wall lies the great Albenga valley, famous for its fertility and its wealth of vineyards, orchards, and meadows—not an unbroken plain, but ever-varying ground broken up by ridge after ridge of wooded hills, overlapping, mingling, meeting, parting, as though some giant angel had lifted the land in his mighty hands and let it softly fall in the folds of a gorgeous tapestry.

The scene is never twice alike, but it is always so exquisite that you would feel the long journey from England well repaid had Alassio naught to show you but the one view from the Col di Moglio.

CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR IMMEDIATE NEED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Moor Park,
Rickmansworth.

31 August 1915.

SIR,—Lord Hugh Cecil in a recent letter to the Press gave some excellent instruction in the art of sitting on a fence, and it is quite natural that those who enjoy that attitude should appreciate the instruction and express concurrence with his views. It is not, however, fair that as regards the problem of re-

cruiting they should designate the issue as one between compulsionists and anti-compulsionists. The all but violent stringency of the methods adopted by those who support the present method of recruiting has made it clear that we have amongst us few anti-compulsionists except those who rather than fight the German Army would welcome its advent to these shores, and the only difference of opinion that signifies is between those who uphold systematic organisation and those who prefer haphazard methods as the means of attaining that speedy victory over barbarous foes which all alike profess to desire and to regard as imperative if this country is to avoid the fate of Belgium.

It is matter of common knowledge that under the system of recruiting at present in operation many men have joined and are daily joining the Colours who would be much more useful in civil avocations, while others, and especially single men, who might enlist with advantage are holding back, and all persons who have devoted attention to the subject are further aware of the consequent drain, social and economic, upon the resources of the nation. It is, moreover, by no means certain that this haphazard and wasteful system will produce enough men to secure the essential objects so definitely laid down by the Prime Minister with the full concurrence of both political parties and of the Press at the commencement of the war. The only certainty is that so long as that system prevails no man can assign limits to the duration of the war or make a reliable estimate of its cost in blood and treasure. Hence the question narrows to this point: Is it worth while to face heavy drawbacks and disadvantages and to increase the possibility of ultimate defeat, with no loftier hope than that it may be possible some day to claim on behalf of Great Britain that, though sorely pressed, in a war of unprecedented magnitude, she disdained the principle of obligatory national service, the efficacy and justice of which commends itself to nine-tenths of the civilised world?

Yours faithfully,

EBURY.

THE CREDULITY OF THE PUBLIC.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Harrow.

30 August 1915.

SIR,—A new spirit appears to be taking possession of our reputedly sober-minded nation—that of Credulity! It is only necessary to refer, in proof, to the eagerness with which an ever-enlarging section of the Press and of the public welcome—and embellish—every report of the enemy's discomfiture.

This would scarcely be deserving of comment if it only occurred rarely; but when, again and again, the same offenders go through precisely the same programme of deceiving themselves and others, seemingly without the least recollection of having acted just as foolishly before, the spectacle becomes a little wearisome. Their method of procedure ought to be thoroughly familiar to the public by this time, one would have imagined. Apparently, if we may accept as a guide the number of victims still secured, this is far from being the case. Perhaps you will allow me to outline the process—which may be summarised as the very opposite of "leaving the good wine until last"!

Immediately the first official *communiqué* (often quite modest in itself) announcing a defeat of the enemy is received, headlines and leading pages are flooded with the journalistic "good wine" of immoderate exultation, with the inevitably resultant intoxication or semi-intoxication of the public. On the following day this is repeated, so far as an elaborate process of "watering down" may be called repetition. On the third or, possibly, the fourth day the subject is dropped. Meanwhile the enemy's version of the affair comes to hand, greeted with indignant sarcasm by the Credulous Press. This, also, dies away. When, ultimately, the full official despatches enable us to form a reasonably accurate estimate of what took place, we

usually find that the enemy's minimising version and the aggrandised one of our own "optimistic" Press both call for serious modification.

It is scarcely necessary to give instances; but the treatment, in some quarters, of the first attack on the Dardanelles may be taken as one of the most flagrant cases of unjustifiably buoying up the public; and, at the present moment, it is by no means certain that the "Great Naval Victory" in the Gulf of Riga may not find its way, eventually, into the list of minor instances.

Perhaps the most serious feature in the whole matter is that the spirit of credulity, especially in all which concerns naval affairs, appears to be gaining strength. Those who wisely reserved judgment when the first Dardanelles despatch was received do not seem to have shown equal caution in every later instance. In a way, this is only the inevitable outcome of the increasing popularity of the belief that the second strongest battle fleet in the world is no longer to be reckoned with as a fighting machine.

The underrating of the powers of an enemy has never found serious advocates. The evils which such a policy brings in its train are too obvious. And yet are not those who foster a spirit of blind credulity with regard to every rumoured defeat of the enemy subscribing, in effect, to that policy? It is difficult to avoid this conclusion.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
F. E. HORNE.

NEUTRALISING THE SEA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—At the very beginning of this war a number of sentimental British writers, novelists, and publicists, began to preach a political creed known as the policy of sentimental British writers, novelists, and publicists, scrapped after this war, so that our national safety might be left at the mercy of an international navy ruled by jealousies and intrigues. This ideal policy amused the mind of Mr. H. G. Wells and inspired many other political triflers with Gilbertian nonsense; but soon it became evident that the Government of the hour had peculiar notions also of the part to be played by our Navy. Desperate efforts were made to use the Declaration of London, though this bad instrument had never been confirmed into law by the House of Lords, but remained to show the incompetence of British statesmanship during the final years of Germany's preparations. It became evident that British fear of giving offence to neutral countries would help Germany to accumulate supplies before the British Navy had received final orders to use to the full its just and necessary pressure. Very soon Germany perceived that her enemies offered her some useful hints, so her statesmen began to say that one of the great things for which they fought was freedom of the seas for all nations, a disappearance of England's navalism. This means, of course, that the British Isles, dependent on the seas for the bulk of their food and for the bulk of their industrial raw materials, must have in the future either no navy at all, or a navy so small that a combination of other Powers could always annul its influence. Further, all the States in the world must have the right henceforth to vote in conference against the British Navy. No one ever supposed that a British statesman of the first rank would ever fall into this anti-British naval trap. And yet read these words in Sir E. Grey's letter to the Press last week:—

"The freedom of the sea may be a very reasonable subject for discussion, definition, and agreement between the nations after the war."

Is England's hereditary power of defence and of offence to be abolished? In 1907 we had reason to believe that the King's Government desired "to see the right of search limited in every possible way"; and that they were "willing to abandon the principle of contraband altogether". Is there no cause for grave anxiety? Are we to be sentimentalised into naval impotence, or what? What explanation ought the

Empire to receive? Did Sir E. Grey speak last week, after discussing his theme with the Admiralty, with India, with Canada, with South Africa, and with Australasia?
PRIDWIN.

"RAZZY" PARKER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

54, Piccadilly, W.

1 September 1915.

SIR,—Some time since you had a most sympathetic and understanding note on the death of Captain Erasmus Darwin Parker, of the Manchester Regiment ("Razzy", as his friends in his familiar corner of the "Rag" called him). You may like to know that Captain Parker's death was characteristic of the man. Observing a soldier of his company lying wounded, he immediately left the trench and went to him. As he was stooping over the wounded man he was shot through the chest and died instantly. All who knew Parker will agree that this was an end entirely in agreement with his whole character. He would have wished no better for himself. Captain E. D. Parker was one of those large, quiet men whose exit leaves a blank that almost surprises even those who knew them intimately.

I am, yours obediently,
HAROLD HODGE.

THE WAR AND MUNICIPALITIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Kilda, 22, Baxter Avenue,
Southend-on-Sea,

28 August 1915.

SIR,—I venture to send you the following, *re* my letter of last week. In that letter I opined the 62 administrative bodies of London should be reduced to three—viz.: 1st, the L.C.C.; 2nd, the Metropolitan Water Board; 3rd, the Metropolitan Board of Guardians. We should then have only three central bodies, administering all the affairs of London; two of these—the L.C.C. and the Board of Guardians—becoming directly representative, whilst the Water Board, though a co-opted body, is more in the nature of a company dealing in a commodity. The Water Board call their accounts "rates," but they are not rates in the ordinary acceptation of the term, any more than the accounts of the gas and electricity companies.

There was room for economy in the Water Board previous to the war. The need now is urgent, but we must not forget that, in the main, London is well served by its water authority, the supply being abundant, pure, and reasonable in price. In the provinces people have to pay twice as much for, in many instances, an indifferent supply! Nevertheless, the members, like the L.C.C., should be directly representative of the ratepayers. The name of the proposed Board of Guardians for London should be "The Metropolitan Authority for Public Distress," *vide* the reports of the Poor Law Commission.

London reformers, I fear, will never be satisfied till the government of London is under one authority—viz., the L.C.C., or a similar body. If the House of Commons, with 670 members, can legislate for the United Kingdom, it ought to be possible for another body of efficient councillors to administer all the affairs of London. We should then have the unification of London, so long debated, as a reality. Amongst the advantages would be: 1st, one enormous annual saving in administration; 2nd, greater efficiency all round; 3rd, one rate for all purposes, and that equalised all over the county! The districts of the City Corporation and the twenty-eight Borough Councils could be administered as now from the present dépôts by local committees of the L.C.C.; the officials and employees required would be officers of the L.C.C. Where, then, is the difficulty here? The only difficulty would be an insufficient number of members of the L.C.C. The thirty Poor Law Unions would be administered as now by

the members of the Public Distress Authority, acting as local relief committees answerable to the central body.

The Metropolitan Asylums Board could be with great advantage—*vide* my letter of last week—transferred to the L.C.C. to-morrow. And even as concerns the Water Board, the members should be transferred to the L.C.C. One difference there would be—namely, the members would be directly answerable to the ratepayers. The work of the Water Board would go on as now. Not an official nor an employee need be disturbed unless he were found superfluous. Even with this change I don't think London could be better served by the Water Board. Suppose then we leave the Water Board where it is during good behaviour.

But, however we shuffle the cards of reform in London—and something must be done in this direction to help pay for the war, both in London and the provinces—nothing can be achieved till the Local Government Board is abolished. At present the Local Government Board appears to be the origin of all the muddle.

Apologising for the length of this letter, and thanking you for its insertion,

Yours truly,
H. R. GAWEN GOGAY.

P.S.—The Metropolitan and City Police should be amalgamated and placed under the Home Office and paid by the Government, London being so vast! Here economy might even be possible.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

28 August 1915.

SIR,—Heaven forbid the adoption of Mr. Gawen Gogay's prescription for ensuring economy in the government of London.

Do we pay any less for education because the functions of the School Board were taken over by the L.C.C.; or for water because the business of the water companies was merged in the Water Board? Yet the primary object of both of these so-called reforms was said to be economy!

Yours faithfully,
F. R. S.

THE IMPERIAL SPIRIT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

22 August 1915.

SIR,—These two little verses I send were not inspired, as they might well have been, by the present war, but date from fifteen years ago, when once before Australasians and Canadians were fighting by our side.

The "Hobart Mercury" at that time published the following lines by a Tasmanian, who signed himself "A Briton":

"War? We would rather peace; but, Mother, if fight we must,

There be none of your sons on whom you can lean with
a surer trust;

Bone of your bone are we, and in death would be dust
of your dust!"

Above the door of the Armoury of the 21st Essex Fusiliers, in Windsor, Ontario, Canada, I read these words during a visit to Windsor a few years after that war:

"What if the best of your wages be
An empty sleeve—a stiff-set knee—
A crutch for the rest of life—who cares?
So long as the one flag floats and dares."

I was in Windsor in 1900 also, and I shall never forget how, on stepping off the ferry-boat which had brought me across the river from Detroit, I was welcomed to British soil by the Canadian Customs House officer, who knew me at once for an Englishman, and who took me into the little Customs House and showed me the Roll of Honour, pinned to a big Union Jack, inscribed with the names of the "boys" from Windsor who had gone to the front. News had just come that some were wounded, and he pointed out their names with pride. But others, he told me, had already started for Halifax to take their places.

Yours faithfully,
R.

THE SAILORS' PALACE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Sailors' Palace, 680, Commercial Road, London, E.,

1 September 1915.

SIR,—The further outrage on humanity in the sinking of the non-combatant liner "Arabic" is yet another reminder of the dangers to which our brave seamen are subjected. Since the declaration of the blockade by Germany the crews, and in many instances the passengers also (including men, women, and children), from no fewer than forty-two ships have been received into the various Sailors' Homes and Institutes of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society. The rescued seamen have received food and shelter and medical attention at the hands of our missionaries, and in not a few cases an entire outfit of clothing has been provided. This work has been undertaken in our Homes at Aberdeen, Barrow, Falmouth, Milford Haven (where the victims of the "Falaba" were received), Weymouth, Havre, Las Palmas, and Buenos Aires.

In addition to this practical ministry the Society has distributed nearly 50,000 warm woollens to the men of the British Navy and Mercantile Marine, the minesweepers, lighthouse and lightship keepers, etc. At least two tons of bright, readable literature have also been despatched. In view of the coming autumn and winter, may I venture to enlist the sympathy and practical support of your readers in this great work? In addition to funds the Society would be very grateful for gifts of clothing and of books.

I am, your obedient servant,

RADSTOCK,

President, B. and F. Sailors' Society

HONOURABLE AUGMENTATIONS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In the titanic life-and-death struggle in which we have been engaged for so many months the best of our nation are giving their strength and life for the honour of their King and country—naturally without thought of reward.

For these gallant deeds, which are ensuring the very existence of our national and domestic safety, a grateful country gives its heroes the greatest gift at its command—its love and gratitude. From the force of circumstances this very real love and gratitude can but seldom be individually exemplified; and, even in such cases, the decorations and honours conferred are but a small token of this gratitude rather than an end in themselves, and are chiefly coveted and valued for that reason.

But these tokens of appreciation, being solely personal and individual, are, alas! ephemeral.

Would it not be possible that recognition, rather than by an order of knighthood or other decoration, should more often take the form of a gift of "honourable augmentation" to the heraldic achievement of the person to be honoured, either as a charge, additional crest, hereditary supporters, or badge, etc.?

This would be just as much, if not more, of a personal honour to the recipient, and would have the added advantage that the memory of worthy deeds would be ever present as a treasured hereditary possession to generation after generation, instead of lapsing into a matter of dim and almost forgotten history.

In the case of a V.C., if armigerous, the augmentation might always be given in addition to the decoration. For instance, why not let every V.C. have "On a chief of augmentation argent an imperial crown gules", a further clasp, or subsequent cross won by any other member of the same family, being indicated in each case by an additional "crown gules"? Think of a family coat with, say, seven crowns on its chief of augmentation! It would be better far than a dukedom!

Might not augmentations also be given for long or meritorious service of any kind to the Crown? They would, I think, often be even more highly valued than decorations such as the I.S.O., etc.

I am, etc.,
NIGROLOR.

DONNE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Vicar's House, Branksome Park,

30 August 1915.

SIR,—My statement that Donne's name was pronounced "Dunne" is challenged in a letter which you have forwarded to me. But it was frequently by contemporary writers spelt "Dun," and Donne himself played on his name—"John Donne, undone." "O" before "n" was at that time usually pronounced with a "u" sound, and we keep many such words—as won, son, honey, come, some, brother, London, Monmouth, Somers, and Bromwich. Bunhill Fields was so called from a hill of bones (of those stricken by the plague).

On another point, the original poem beginning "Come live with me and be my love" was certainly by Marlowe; but it was often imitated, and one of the imitations was the charming poem by Donne quoted by Izaak Walton.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

"THE RIDICULOUS HORSE."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 August 1915.

SIR,—Allow me to thank the former Secretary of the Dublin Show for coming to my aid, but I fear he has laid himself open to share the abuse which will be showered on me; fortunately horsemen are used to take the rough with the smooth.

Certain art critics who are booming the Cubists will tell us that to copy a horse's shape or action is not art; that Nature knows nothing about art; that the artist knows much better than Nature how a horse should be shaped and how it should use its legs; that to ride like a horseman is inartistic; that inspired art represents a rider sitting like a drunken man holding on to the saddle with one hand and holding on his hat with the other hand, leaving his old cart mare (who still keeps the bit in her mouth although her bridle and reins have dropped off) to break her back at her leisure.

WALTER WINANS.

THE USE OF SEARCHLIGHTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 August 1915.

SIR,—I should like to emphasise my point—Economy. There must be some economy, great or small, to be secured by saving power. Time enough when a bomb has been dropped and exploded, if the police will at once telephone the searchlight stations, when they can turn their lights on the indicated locality. I said "There is a limit to public money, though the Government seems to think not".

Yours truly,

THOS. S. CURSON.

A GLASS OF WATER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Claridge's Hotel, Brook Street, W.

SIR,—It is interesting to trace the origin of customs, which, to those who do not know their origin, seem senseless.

There is a custom of which I cannot trace the origin; perhaps some of your readers can assist me.

This is the custom of removing one's glass of water towards the end of a meal.

Both in private houses and at restaurants, unless one is very careful to prevent it, one finds one's glass of water taken away by the servants.

They never take away one's wine, but always the glass of water.

As I do not drink wine or spirits I have to keep a sharp look-out for my glass of water or else I have nothing to drink.

STUDENT.

REVIEWS.

THE HISTORIANS OF MODERN GERMANY.

"Modern Germany and Her Historians." By Antoine Guillaud. Jarrold. 7s. 6d. net.

"Germany and Eastern Europe." By Lewis B. Namier. Duckworth. 1s. net.

"Changing Germany." By Charles Tower. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

THE extensive literature of the war has made out a case against Germany on one point which admits of no controversy. Germany was in the psychological mood for war just as certainly in 1914 as she was when Bismarck manipulated the Ems telegram. Residents in Germany before the war have made this clear; and Mr. Tower, who lived in the neighbourhood of Berlin many years, corroborates what other observers had noticed as to the arrogant and bellicose attitude which had become normal in Germany. Mr. Tower relates much that is significant or amusing of his experiences of German life; and he quite illuminates the theory of "preventive wars" in the policy of Berlin by his account of the idiosyncrasies of the Berlin police, and their habit of attacking a harmless crowd first in anticipation of an assault alleged to be intended on themselves. It is a larger enquiry to trace the growth of this aggressiveness and spirit of conquest in Germany. The beginning has to be made with Prussia, which has been in Germany's history of the last century at once her good angel and her evil demon. Prussia taught disunited and dispersed Germany how to achieve State-power; and it is one of the most striking and creditable facts in her favour that her path to power was made or cleared for her in Germany very largely by the genius of men who were not Prussians. These men saw in her virility, her Protestantism, and her State administration the only instrument by which Germany could be fashioned into a united and powerful nation. Amongst these men were Niebuhr, von Ranke, Mommsen, von Sybel, and von Treitschke. We have the key to the work of all these historians in the remark of Professor Guillaud as to Niebuhr, that when writing his "Roman History" he was convinced that he was thereby serving Prussia, his country of adoption. There were many others, such as Dr. Hinzpeter, the tutor of the Kaiser, who taught him that Prussia was the navel of Germany, and Germany the navel of the world. Their work for Prussia was continuous and passionate; and three of them—Niebuhr, von Ranke, and Mommsen—were more than Prussianising German historians. These three were the creators of the scientific method in history. They were the fathers of our own and the French modern historians; and their reputation was and is unequalled throughout Europe. It is different with von Sybel and von Treitschke; and Professor Guillaud has ample grounds for his opinion that they are not to be reckoned as real historians at all. They were avowedly impassioned advocates of the Prussian Empire and turned all German history into a plea for the Prussianisation of Germany. "We have no German fatherland. The Hohenzollern alone can give us one. What I want is a Monarchical Germany under the Hohenzollern; Prussian annexations; now who can pretend that all that will be done pacifically"? So cried Treitschke; he became a fanatic of patriotism, and professed candidly that he must write history with anger and passion.

With Treitschke this Prussianising of history reached apotheosis. Niebuhr and Ranke began by philosophically and sedately enquiring into the natural laws of history by which States grew from small beginnings, swallowed up smaller and weaker States, and ultimately became themselves great States or empires. Mommsen was the first to throw passion into this enquiry, to act as advocate with bias, to treat the morality of conquest and force as negligible, to point out with a gesture to Germany and Prussia that the law of history was that "a nation which has become a State tries to annex its neighbours of less political power." With him began that teaching

which Germany, since the victories of 1870, has greedily assimilated. She has embraced it with what her panegyrists, such as von Treitschke, belaud as her "idealism" in lyrical and self-righteous strains. Civilisation (Kultur) demands the suppression of races less capable of, or less advanced in, culture by nations of higher standing. Already Mommsen had begun to disparage and deride the civilisation of France, and of all non-Teutonic Europeans. Treitschke was to give to this glorification of the German civilisation morality and intellect, the air of a parody or burlesque, so exaggerated did he make it. His contempt and insults found their way into the school books. The process of educating the German youth into exaltation of German spirit and intellect and humiliation of other peoples was pretty rapid; and in 1876 a geography book for the schools taught children that Germany was the heart of Europe, and that its mission was to circulate fresh, healthy German blood through the worn-out limbs of Europe and to renew its youth. And always Mommsen's doctrine, afterwards to be emphasised by von Sybel and von Treitschke and others of the Prussianising historians, was the underlying supposition that war is the great machine which elaborates progress, or, as Treitschke put it, the plastic power in making States. It proved right in the internal affairs of Germany. Mommsen, von Sybel, and von Treitschke lived to see the triumphs of their teachings in the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein, and in the victories of Sadowa and Sedan.

The Prussianised German Empire arrived, which the historians had written and worked for; and Germany became a Prussian military camp. All these historians had been National Liberals; but they had given up their Liberalism to get a Prussian Empire at any price; worshipped Bismarck and accepted the junkers whom they had hated and wanted to supplant by the increased power of the King, which was what they understood by liberty: all but Mommsen, who remained a Liberal Constitutionalist, and explained that even Julius Cæsar would not have been excusable if Rome had had representative institutions to make such "saviours of society" as Bismarck unnecessary. For some years all went well. Treitschke continued his doctrines of history, his laudations of Germany and contempt of all other nations, as adapted to the Empire. When the "English Emperor" (branded as such), Frederick III., died, Treitschke insulted his memory and hailed his son as the ideal Prussian Kaiser at the same time. To him, in Bismarck's words, the young Kaiser was the "rock of bronze", "a proper soldier of the Guard" with no nonsense about representative institutions. These Prussianising National Liberal historians and their like expected a despot after their own heart and mind and theories; but the new Kaiser would not be despotic in anybody's way but his own. The historians had fooled themselves. They had thought that the old Prussian virtues would flourish under the Empire, that its wars of conquest would purify society, as, according to their doctrines, they ought to have done. Nothing could be better than Professor Guillaud's explanation of all this; but it is perhaps as well to quote a passage from Mr. Namier's book: "The circumstance which has been usually overlooked is that in this very process of conquest"—that is the Prussianisation of Germany—"the conquerors, as has frequently happened in history, have come under the influence of men weaker in their capacity for government and military organisation, but superior in ideas and general intellectual development. The unpractical German 'thinker', the inhuman German sentimentalist, the neurasthenic individual who dreams of power (as Nietzsche and Wagner), the complex mind which, tired of its own shallow complexity, yearns for the simplicity of force, but, incapable of real strength, overshoots its mark and glorifies brutality, all these types have sunk into adoration of the Prussian healthy 'blond brute'; but the healthy brute has proved intellectually inferior to those who adore it; it has become self-conscious and has lost its mental balance."

This was just what things had come to when the Kaiser began his reign, and there was no longer any

question of a society ruled on the lines of the old Prussian virtues. Society and Kaiser alike were no longer exponents of Prussian ideals, and were, therefore, degenerate and corrupt. The Kaiser showed contempt for the historians' own culture, and told them, with his hand on his sword, that henceforth there was to be no secondary education but what was utilitarian and practical—classical culture, for which the older Germany was renowned, was not the kind of training for the hordes who were to conquer Europe by science and machinery. And thus they lived to see that the actual Empire was not the one of which they had dreamed. "Our politics, habits, and life have become coarser", exclaimed Treitschke; "we are threatened with the urban decadence of the Roman Empire, respect for God, for the bounds of sex, and for country, is vanishing with dizzying rapidity". Our generation has seen the consequences of what Professor Guillaud calls "the policy of Bismarck, of secret undercurrents, of the reptile press, of spies and frontier provocations". We may also add the intriguing, blustering, propagandist professors we know, the true successors of the earlier Prussianising professors who intrigued at the Universities of South Germany or at Kiel, and brutally insulted the patriotism of their hearers with their panegyrics of Prussia.

With indignation Professor Guillaud asks in the last and finest chapter of a book eloquent, yet restrained by true culture and respect for his masters in history: "Who, then, if not they, developed in the youth of Germany that boastfulness, that national pride, that jingoism which they deplored?" If Germany was suffering, according to Treitschke, "the perversion of the public mind and the lowering of character", have not he and his fellow historians contributed to it by legitimatising in the name of history the worst political crimes, and by building pedestals for Human Providences such as Bismarck?

Turning again to Mr. Namier's book, that very competent judge, Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, the Vice-Chancellor of the Sheffield University, in a preface says: "To me the value of Mr. Namier's book lies not so much in his recommendations—for we can all recommend—as in his first-hand knowledge of the Slavonic peoples of the Middle East, coupled with a sound and independent grasp of modern historical literature". The recommendations of which the Vice-Chancellor speaks are those as to the creation of independent Slavonic nationalities out of the Empires of Austria and Germany, if the outcome of the present war is to effect any practical limitation of the overweening ambition of Germany. This, with Mr. Namier, is the kernel.

TRAGIC POLAND.

"The Partitions of Poland." By Lord Eversley. Six Illustrations and Four Maps. 1915. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

"A Short History of Poland. From Ancient Times to the Insurrection of 1864." By Angelo S. Rappoport. Simpkin. 5s. net.

MR. RAPPOPORT, in ten good chapters, surveys the whole history of Poland, with her political life, her social constitution, and the development of her literature. Five chapters are given to the earlier years and events; then come the Saxon Kings and the first partition, followed by the other two dismemberings, and the life and character of Kosciusko.

Mr. Rappoport has enriched his book with a tinted map and seventeen illustrations, all well chosen, the portraits especially being a great help to students. There is a good index, and the appendix has three very useful sections: a brief chronology of great events; a list of Polish Kings, including the twelve legendary rulers (sixth century to tenth century); and the genealogical table of the Yagello Dynasty. If we describe this book as a history for journalists—and also for young diplomats—we give to it a definite value as a handbook, an important point, as Poland's history

should, if possible, be made of interest to the general reader. Even the British novelist—a gad-about colonist in his search for “local colour”—has done very little among the manners and customs of the Poles, though “*La Revue des Deux Mondes*” set him a good example in this matter five and twenty years ago.

Lord Eversley for many years has been a sympathetic statesman in his attitude to Polish history; and when, at the beginning of the present war, each of the three Powers who, in 1772 and 1793-5, took a hand in the maiming of Poland, promised to retrieve the past by reuniting the Polish provinces under some sort of autonomous government, Lord Eversley made up his mind to reconsider his notes and to expand them into a “succinct and popular account of the three partitions”. That he has done his work with insight and distinction is evident in every page; and his four maps and six illustrations are exceedingly interesting. It is an ironic story that he has to tell, and the irony is bitter with tragedy and wrong; it shows neither a sense of common justice in the strong nor a capacity for common defence in the victim. The attitude of Poland’s neighbours to her large territory was like that of huntsmen to big game, only the big game in this case had lost its natural weapons and was a flurried and futile prey. Lord Eversley in his first chapter on Polish Anarchy shows why a truly great nation passed through disunity into decadence and thence into ruin. After the failure of the Jagellon or Yagellon line of kings, in the seventeenth century, Poland lapsed from hereditary monarchy into elective kingship, inviting endless intrigue from the governments and princes of her neighbours; and soon, also, the caste of land-owners, an exclusive nobility in name but not in chivalry, thought less and less of the labouring classes, mostly children of the soil, whose patriotism, rightly understood, would have been the backbone of national defence. Party spirit and intrigue became utterly reckless; they were aided by the fact that the decisions of the Diet were valid on one condition only—that they were agreed to unanimously; any member could bring legislation to a standstill by opposing his veto in two words: “*Nie pozwalam*”—“I do not consent”. These and other evils of the Constitution were deeply regretted by many Poles, and were criticised by successive kings. One of these criticisms was made in a speech delivered to the Diet by Casimir, King of Poland, in 1667, on the occasion of his resigning the throne and retiring into private life. It is a criticism worth quoting, partly because of its ironic humour, and partly because our own country, even in the thirteenth month of a most perilous war, is worried by strikes, by a disunion that is dangerous. Casimir said:—

“Magnanimous Polish gentlemen, you are a glorious republic, and have *Nie pozwalam* and strange methods of business and of behaviour to your kings and others. We have often fought together, been beaten together by our enemies and by ourselves; and at last I, for my share, have had enough of it. I set out for Paris, religious literary pursuits, and the society of Ninon de l’Enclos. I wished to say before going that according to all record, ancient and modern, of the way of God Almighty with the world, there was not heretofore, nor do I expect there can henceforth be, a human society that would stick together on those terms. Believe me, ye Polish Chevaliers, without superior, except in heaven, if your glorious republic continue to be managed in such manner, not good will come of it, but evil. The day will arrive, and the day is not far off, when this glorious republic will get torn into shreds hither thither; be stuffed into the pockets of covetous neighbours, Brandenburg, Muscovy, Austria, and find itself reduced to zero, and abolished from the face of the world. I speak these words from the fullness of my heart and on behest of friendship and conviction alone, having the honour at this moment to bid you and your republic a very long farewell. Good morning for the last time.”

Could mocking irony and good sense have told plainer truths?

MAN IN THE MAKING.

“Of Human Bondage.” By W. S. Maugham. Heinemann. 6s.

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM’S latest novel belongs to the cradle-to-the-grave order of fiction, of which “Sinister Street” is the most characteristic modern example. To the same class belong such books as Mr. Wells’s “New Machiavelli”, Mr. Hugh Walpole’s “Fortitude”, Mr. Arnold Bennett’s “Clayhanger”, and other works of our younger novelists. They mark, it would seem, a revolt against impressionism, a return to a pre-Raphaelite love of detail. The chief feature they have in common is what we have come to regard as abnormal length. They aim apparently at a certain completeness in their presentation of life, a completeness that can only be obtained by catching your character very young and showing his mental and spiritual development and the various forces and circumstances that go to make him. Most of our old fiction writers gave us their characters ready-made. We had to take a great deal for granted. The new school shows us man in the making. In his choice of hero Mr. Maugham has broken new ground. Philip was a shy, awkward, uncomfortable youth with a club foot, a deformity which he intensely resented, of which he was painfully self-conscious, and the possession of which gave him a jaundiced outlook on life. Active-brained, intensely eager for passionate and highly-coloured experience of every kind, hyper-critical, and hyper-sensitive, his early life was a process of self-torture. Mr. Maugham spares us no detail that adds to its poignancy. Rather he seems to dwell with a certain gusto that sometimes seems unnecessary on the drab and sordid side of things. Philip’s path in life seems almost perversely unfortunate. He escapes from one disgust to another. When he escapes from the horrors and cruelty of his schoolfellows and the uncongenial atmosphere of his hypocritical and selfish uncle it is only to plunge deeper into gloom as a lonely lad in London, as a student at Heidelberg, and as a would-be artist in the Latin Quarter at Paris. Certainly he has a sufficiently variegated career, for it is not until he has tried life in a chartered accountant’s office, life as an art student, life as a medical student, life as a shop-walker, that he settles down to the medical profession for which he was originally intended and from which in his early days he rebelled.

It is all very clever, and in spite of the depressing atmosphere of the book, its hopelessness, and the sensation akin to nausea it sometimes gives, it is arresting. Mr. Maugham, relentless realist as he is, keeps well within his powers. He has his subject always in hand, and although his book runs to some 650 pages it cannot be said that it is padded or discursive. He could not without defeating his object have dealt with it in less compass. As it is, the book is a distinct achievement. Philip is really alive. He is no puppet tricked out to do the author’s bidding. He is a creature of flesh and blood whom we come to know very intimately. That he is not an engaging character makes Mr. Maugham’s achievement all the more notable. When a character wins our affections we can bear to read about him through many long pages, but Mr. Maugham has succeeded in first compelling, then winning, our interest for a personality by no means attractive, so that we are left at the close attentive and unwearied.

But Mr. Maugham has not concentrated himself on Philip and allowed his other characters to go hang. His book contains some excellent little lifelike cameos, sharply defined, of real people who will long remain in the memory. Especially good are the various women, noble and ignoble, who touch Philip’s life. There is a perfect little portrait of Aunt Louisa, the wizened, childless woman, who pours out her love and treasure on Philip with so little response from him. Then there is the detestable teashop girl, Mildred, whose sordid and sinister figure, so skillfully depicted, is the evil genius of Philip’s life. And there are Norah and Sally, who are both really lovable. But the

most strongly-conceived character in the book, apart from Philip, is Miss Price, the bitter, arid, unattractive art-student starving in Paris with a false faith in her own genius. She is, perhaps, unforgettable.

"TWO FINE LANGUAGES."

"More Latin and English Idiom: an Object-Lesson from Livy xxxiv, 1-8." By H. Darnley Naylor, M.A., Professor of Classics in the University of Adelaide. Cambridge University Press. 4s. 6d. net.

PSEUDO-UTILITARIANS may rage, but classical studies, to judge by the perennial flow from the presses of Oxford and Cambridge, are in no danger of eclipse. Of their popularity the very title of Professor Naylor's book is an assurance, for the success of an earlier volume has emboldened him, as it did Mr. Max Beerbohm, to present his readers with "More". It is also encouraging to find that the torch of learning is not dimmed by removal to distant shores. Professor Naylor lectures within sound of "the long wash of Australasian seas".

A leading feature of his method is to insist on "the detailed comparison of two fine languages", Latin and English. In truth the want of such comparison results in much bald and unconvincing translation, whether spoken, written, or printed. A slavish adherence to Latin idiom may play havoc with a man's English. Some such printed rendering of Cicero it was, by "A Graduate of the University of Oxford", that impelled Mr. Godley to the writing of that inimitable passage on the propriety of pig-dealers conducting their affairs in the place known in Oxford as the pig-market, which has held up to everlasting ridicule the fault of over-exactitude. A delighted world owes, in consequence, its grateful thanks to the "Graduate". Yet the play of Mr. Godley's wit need not despise the aid of Professor Naylor's heavier artillery. This writer is constructive. He takes a longish passage from Livy and gives us his own version in a parallel column. The rest of the book is occupied by notes explanatory of the differences of idiom found in the two languages. Thus the reader is to be beguiled into increasing his knowledge of his own language as well as of the Latin—always provided that he is teachable.

It is a mistake to demand this quality from pupils only. It must be able to be said of any teacher who is to be worth his salt that "gladly would he learn and gladly teach". We are not told for whom this book is written, but we are sure tutors will get benefit from it; also that zealous if small company which loves learning for its own sake. (Such persons exist; a great lover of Greek and Latin known to us had no formal schooling after he went to Sandhurst, yet ever since, as Dr. Johnson put it, "has got as much of both as he can", unaided.) Some undergraduates, too, might tackle it, but not, we think, the schoolboy.

"Dant crustula blandi doctores"—Professor Naylor is bland enough and wise enough to make his learning palatable. "Come to its grandam, and its grandam will give it a plum, an apple, and a fig." He has chosen for his exercise in translation a particularly interesting episode from Livy, that debate in the Assembly on the repeal of a sumptuary law limiting the right of Roman ladies to wear gold and purple and to drive about the city. This was a chance for Cato to declaim against luxury, and he took it. What is more, he held forth at length on the subject of the position of women, a theme that burns as vigorously now as then. It is to be feared, however, that Cato's downright remarks on the subjection of women would raise a riot in our time. Even then he was almost out of date, his arguments were countered, and his proposal defeated. But the bedrock of his position is still of interest, because it still exists in more minds than will acknowledge it. For Cato held that women would never be content with equality with men, but would try to make it, when won, a stepping-stone to domination.

Only once have we found ourselves in discord with Professor Naylor's version. He uses the phrase "women's rights" wrongly, as the context shows. "Review women's rights and all the limitations by which your forefathers curbed their wilfulness and subjected them to their husbands." How, in such connection, talk of *rights*? Professor Naylor, in his own note, remarks that *jura* here equals "limited rights". A very different thing! Why not have put it so in the translation? We fear that feminists would prefer to render "women's wrongs"!

A VERY GALLANT OFFICER.

"Guns and Projectiles." By Commander Rudolf Verner. Gieve, Matthews and Seagrove. Portsmouth. 2s. 6d. net.

IN fact he died very gallantly, an example to those about him—the story is thus summed of the heroic end of the skilful and talented sailor who wrote this little book. Commander Verner was killed in action in the attack on the Narrows of 18 March 1915 on board the "Inflexible". Colonel Willoughby Verner, in a memoir attached to the book, tells the story of his son's career and death in the quiet and simple manner of a soldier. His pride is not expressed; but we feel it, and share it as we read:

"In the fire-control at this time were Commander Verner, Lieut. Blaker, and eight men. Nine of the ten were struck down, three being killed on the spot and several mortally wounded; one alone, A. B. Robinson, escaping injury. The Commander was at the moment 'spotting' the fire with his glasses; both his fore-arms were shattered, and he received serious injuries to his head and leg. He got up and 'carried on' for some time, and when help eventually reached him he was found leaning against the side of the control still trying to give orders to the guns. Subsequently he and the other seriously wounded men were lowered down to the deck—a matter of great difficulty, since the ship was on fire just below.

"He was then carried to the hospital below the armour, but later on a 'heavy hit' near it did much damage, and inflicted a severe shock to the wounded, who had to be carried up on deck again. It is on record that Commander Verner was conscious throughout, and conversed cheerily with all he saw, repeatedly asking how the battle went, and also as to the condition of his wounded comrades. When lying on deck he asked a young officer to hold a cigarette for him to smoke, since his hands were useless. He died the same evening."

It is the glory of Commander Verner that his life and death should obscure any merely technical appraisal of his work. This little book, with its evidence of keen practice, eager knowledge and resource, makes his loss the more keenly felt by all those who have watched his career; but it can hardly add a touch to the supreme English qualities he showed at the last as an officer and a man. He saw more during his brief part in the War than many sailors have yet been able to see. He fought under Sturdee, training his guns on the "Scharnhorst" and the "Gneisenau", and there won his promotion. In that action he shared in the honour which came to our Navy from the chivalrous rescue of the German crew of the "Gneisenau". From the Pacific the "Inflexible" sailed to the Dardanelles, and there by his death Commander Verner added yet another word to the splendid tradition of the British Fleet. His story, as Colonel Verner seems aware in every line of his brief narrative, cannot be adorned or improved by celebration. The book to which this memoir is attached is a manual for sailors written by one who from experience had thoroughly mastered his craft upon the scientific and practical side. The battle practice of the "Inflexible" was especially commended in the Pacific action—a fact which is enough to remove this manual

from the region of the text-book. Commander Verner's mathematics are less transcendental than a sure and useful guide to the handling of guns, with reasoned explanations which help the practitioner to know precisely what he is about. We have dwelled less upon the book than upon its author; but that does not in the least imply that the book cannot be read for itself alone with keen interest by the amateur and with considerable profit by all experienced gunners.

NOVELS.

"Salute to Adventurers." By John Buchan. Nelson. 6s.

NOWADAYS most tales of adventure mean tales of war, and modern warfare at that. And we turn with a sigh of relief to this wholesome and stirring tale by Mr. Buchan—a tale of high adventure in the days when the world was young and when a smile from bright eyes was deemed fitting reward for risk of life and limb. Mr. Buchan is a past master in this sort of story. He has the gift of vividly describing vivid events, the eye for colour, and the art of fixing the reader's attention so that his interest never flags.

"I tell of old Virginian ways,

I tell lost tales of savage wars."

"Oliver." By Paul Neuman. Smith, Elder. 6s.

Mr. Neuman's story is a study in heredity, or rather, perhaps, an argument against the theory that the children's teeth are set on edge by the sour grapes the fathers have eaten. Oliver, who is brave enough to own to a lurking vein of conscience, inherits little else but brains from a self-made father, while in his turn Oliver's son combines the virtues of his father and grandfather with none of the faults of either. That everything is for the best in the best of all possible worlds is the feeling that we are left with after reading Mr. Neuman's story, and if it does not rise to heights that dazzle, on the other hand it never sinks lower than the commonplace. The character of Oliver is well drawn, although we fancy Mr. Neuman did better in "Chignett Street". He is at his best in describing schoolboy life. Oliver the sensitive little motherless boy of ten, to whom a lie was an abomination but an irresistible temptation when danger threatened, is a more faithful picture than Oliver as lover and husband. And Oliver's father, the self-made builder, was in his turn a more human figure than Oliver himself. Oliver's lapses from virtue are not very convincing. We fail to be shocked by them, although fearful sins are hinted at. Indeed, we feel that Oliver needs to break out in some way to convince us of his reality which he sometimes fails to do, especially in his unfortunate matrimonial experiences. "Trust life" is the message of the dying Sophie (the woman who above all others influenced Oliver's life). And Oliver lived long enough to see that life corrected his mistakes and to prove that he was at heart no coward.

"The Great Unrest." By F. E. Mills Young. Lane. 6s.

It is not very clear whether Mr. Mills Young intends his title to apply to the condition of labour in South Africa in the summer of 1914, when "the nine" were exported by General Botha, or whether in it he refers to the character of his restless hero, D. A. Manners, commonly called Dam. It is a vigorous and well-written story, although the author shirks the real issue in a somewhat banal fashion by killing off his hero in the war just when he has "found himself", and has left his fortnight-old bride at home. The best part of the book is that which deals with the relations of father and son while Dam was still a boy. Later on we feel annoyed with Dam for following such palpably false ideals and false gods. However, it all turns out right in the end, with the aid of the war.

LATEST BOOKS.

"The Soul of Europe." By Joseph McCabe. Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.

This is undoubtedly a thoughtful book, and written by an author who has come very closely into touch with his subject. If he does not believe in nationality as a thing of race and blood, he undoubtedly believes in it as a thing of temperament, education, ideals, and points of view. He has no dealings with that absurd school of internationalists who would like to act on the assumption that frontiers do not exist. One imagines that Mr. McCabe would think it a loss to civilisation irreparable and tragic if all the diverse qualities and attributes of the nations of Europe were levelled down to the vulgar average of an Esperantist community. Moreover, he sees no disarmament, no blurring of frontiers, or surrender of nationality after the war. It is well for the public to have the chance to open a book like this at a time when voluble writers are already talking about the war that will end war and about cutting down all the navies and the armies. Mr. McCabe does not see a millennium at the end of the war, but "a period of very grave dangers". Mr. McCabe faces all the facts. We begin to part with him only in those passages of his book which ignore that war and patriotism, as schools for valour and discipline, have their positive as well as their destructive side. Mr. McCabe's detailed impressions and pictures of the nations of Europe are admirable. Few writers could have undertaken a book like this and come so well out of the undertaking.

"Japanese Lyrics." By Lafcadio Hearn. Constable. 2s. net.

Japanese poems are like dwarf trees that have been growing for centuries in small pots. Compared with them, the shortest flights of fancy known to Western poets appear clumsy. The "hokku", which for nearly five hundred years has been the classical form of the lyric in Japan, has but seventeen syllables, whilst the ancient "tanka" has only thirty-three. When a Western reader sees beauty in them, it is usually because he finds them, as he says, in some way "suggestive", but Oriental writers are agreed that this is a wholly false appreciation. The craftsmen who executed them so finely intended them to condense and not to enlarge an impression. For us this is a hard saying, and it is almost impossible to put ourselves in the frame of mind that can accept a "hokku" poem as a gem perfect in itself. To dismiss the difficulty as just another of the differences between East and West is as stupid as it is easy. Perhaps we come nearest to the truth when we remember that in Japan the printed page is a page of pictures. Every sign or "letter" is in itself a miniature, and the poet, consequently, is an artist in words to an extent which we can only dimly grasp. The reader never has to cast round him to realise some external thought for which the lyric stands, for the whole scene and its meaning is, as it were, set at once before him. Of what use, then, to translate? Hearn's translations are probably as good as they can be, and many of them are delightful and delicate pieces of work, but the best of them can bring no more than a breath of the original. These trifles in English are, indeed, "suggestive". We simply cannot accept more than one in ten of them as a complete work of art.

"Far Hence Unto the Gentiles." By "Lumen." (Major J. Samuels, V.D., late R.G.A.). Simpkin, Marshall. 10s. 6d. net.

The only adequate parallel to this book would be a work upon a highly technical military subject by some patriotic German theologian. The author, whose British patriotism is beyond doubt, heaps scorn upon "our learned British divines"—who can they be?—for holding a "belief in Christianity promulgated by German *Kultur*", and he wishes his readers "to turn away from Teutonic unbelief and betake themselves again to the Bible itself". It is only fair to say that the invitation, if accepted, leads very far beyond the pages of the sacred volume, and, so far as this country is concerned, involves authorities as widely separated as the "Daily Mail" and the ancient British "Achaia". In accordance with the title of the book evidence is adduced to show that St. Paul not only preached to the Gentiles in these far-away islands of Britain, but that he lived and died at a ripe old age, in the West of England. During his residence amongst the Ancient Britons he changed his name to Arwystli-hen—a word easier for an Anglo-Saxon to write than to pronounce. His "faithful companions, Luke, Mark and Timothy", followed his example and became respectively Ild, Cyndaw and Manan. Are not all their names recorded in the book of the genealogies of the Cymric saints as the "men of Israel who came with Bran the blessed from Rome to Britain"? Finally, Arwystli-hen, to give the Apostle to the Gentiles his Cymric title, was buried in Glastonbury "at the spot where some large trees now stand", and the conclusion of the whole matter is that the "British Church is the Mother Church of Christendom and the only one that can claim to be of Apostolic succession". Major Samuels is quite aware of the startling character of his thesis, but he asks that judgment may be reserved until the book has been perused "to the end". In the

face of such a request it is only possible to adopt the judicial formula and say: "Gentlemen, if you believe the facts to be as stated you will give your verdict accordingly. If you do not, the duty before you is obvious".

ONCE A MONTH.

The "Nineteenth Century and After" could not well be bettered. Its fourteen subjects are admirably chosen in relation to the varied light that they throw on current events. Money and the war may be studied in four excellent papers, the most important being Mr. Edgar Crammond's "High Finance" and "the Danger of Premature Peace". Though Mr. Hammond assumes that Germany is already in a losing position, a false deduction from events on both Fronts, and though he assumes further that "pessimists of this country are unconsciously playing the game of Germany and facilitating a settlement on the basis of the *status quo ante bellum*", yet, as soon as he comes to close quarters with the facts of politics, he is a great help to the discriminating reader. After saying there are three essentials to the successful conduct of war, he promptly gives four, and he might have added some others. Mr. W. H. Mallock writes very wisely on the limits of super-taxation; Mr. John H. Hobson reviews the War Loan as an instrument of economy; and Mr. H. M. Hyndman tries to prove that thrift is not of much use when unaccompanied by increased production. What we need most of all is increased production of munitions, and a tax on imports would be a stimulus in several ways. Major-General Sir William G. Knox, K.C.B., in his survey of a year's war in the Western theatre, is, of course, a master of his subject, with a brave candour as refreshing as brisk mountain air. His conclusion is this: "To conquer Germany we must, like her, perfect a machine that grinds out soldiers, trained, armed and equipped, but it must be such that at the hour of Peace we stand with a superiority of a million bayonets to enforce the will of the British people". We read also with pleasure a personal impression of General Botha, written by Mr. Roderick Jones. Sir Harry H. Johnston has a thoughtful "symposium", so called, on "God and Humanity"; the Viscountess Barrington studies with noble thought the problems connected with our soldiers' and sailors' families; and Captain E. N. Bennett brings us into close touch with many aspects of to-day's life and suffering in Serbia.

The "Fortnightly Review" for September opens with a prophetic article on "The Fall of Warsaw and Its Sequel"; it proves that monthly writers were best content with past events, leaving the future in its own vague realm. The article is unsigned, and its author has to add troublesome footnotes to his adventurous text. He says, for instance: "It is a patent fact that since the Allies made an aeroplane demonstration over Karlsruhe the Zeppelins that were to terrorise London, as well as the English east coast, have until the other day become conspicuous by their absence." Footnote: "After these lines were written a raid of Zeppelins took place on the night of August 9th, another on August 12th, and a third on August 17th". Text: "Kovno has been fiercely assaulted". Footnote: "And taken, according to latest reports". Also the Germans are going to "knock their heads against Brest-Litovsk". Surely it is impossible for a monthly prophet to foresee the daily journalism of a war? Nevertheless, the article has acute remarks on several important matters, notably the Balkan problems, and a final paragraph—not a footnote—written on 20 August chronicles the fall of Kovno, Novo-Georgievsk, and Brest-Litovsk. "Three Months of Coalition", by "Auditer Tantum", is right in some of its main contentions; but the criticisms on the rank and file in the House of Commons are not well balanced. "As matters stand now, a Compulsory Service Bill would probably bring down the Government". Is this true? "The war has shown in the most lurid way how dependent any British Government is upon the temper of organised labour, and how difficult labour is to lead". Unpleasant facts to offer to our Allies! Mr. Archibald Hurd has chosen this month a fine subject: "The Freedom of the Oceans: Germany's New Policy"—an important thing, indeed, after Sir E. Grey's letter to the Press. "From the French Front", by Lawrence Jerrold, is a very good paper; but the most distinguished article of all—equally admirable in political acumen and in literary judgment—is Mr. Arthur A. Baumann's review of Walter Bagehot. "The Armed Nation", by H. M. Hyndman, will be widely read and then compared with the armed democracy in the creed of Jaures. Mr. Hyndman is wrong in supposing that Europe is amazed by our voluntary "rush" to the recruiting station. Europe is amazed that so much pressure should be needed in recruiting for a life-or-death war; but Mr. Hyndman writes thoughtfully, and admits that in a democratic country every citizen must be a soldier and every soldier a citizen.

"Poland and Her Role in Europe", by Dr. G. de Swietochowski, is admirable, and Prof. E. H. Parker writes very well on the Russian character.

"Cornhill" this month is thoughtful and various. "Along the Fighting Line", by H. Warner Allen, is certainly an excellent paper that can be seen in pictures by the mind's eye. "The Physiology of Hate", by Dr. A. E. Shipley, though written for laymen, would be preferable in the "Lancet". But he tells a good story to show that Englishmen are losing their capacity for hatred. An officer recently visited one of our trenches where some German prisoners were, and at an hour when a sing-song was in full swing he was somehow pleased to hear the sergeant in the chair announcing "Item No. 4, Mister Fritz and Mister Moritz will now oblige with 'the ymn of 'ate'". In past times Englishmen were good haters. Nelson was never ashamed he hated his enemies; his humane feelings were never sentimental, but manly and just, like the best English law. The brutalities and barbarities of Germany would turn every man in our country into a soldier if Englishmen to-day felt more of the just hatred which crimes invite and will always merit. A disappearance of hate from a national character is never a good sign. In another article, one by Stephen Paget, we study the meaning of this war to children, and the author says: "I would compel them to see that God, being on the side of Decency and of Honour, is on the side of Belgium. Appearances are against it: so they were at the time of that other Crucifixion." If this point of view were common to-day the atrocities of Germany would be hated. Perhaps the best article of all is Jeffery E. Jeffery's "Some Experiences as a Prisoner of War"—a heart-searching paper.

In "Blackwood's Magazine" the most valuable article is written by "an Exchanged Officer", who, like Mr. Jeffery in "Cornhill", relates many facts about the brutal treatment received by British prisoners from the Germans. It is clear from his experience that we need to keep in constant touch both with the social condition of Germany and with the sufferings of her victims. Sir J. George Scott writes entertainingly on "The Special Constable"; the "Adventures of a Despatch Rider" are excellent; and "Musings Without Method", as usual, have abundant method and much good sense. They end with four pages on Lord Haldane and the new democracy. According to the most recent doctrine "the highly-paid leader need do nothing for the comfortable salary which he receives. He is not asked to lead; it is not his business to instruct his constituents. If the public insist in driving the country to ruin because it does not see the unrest of Europe, the leaders may apparently, with a clear conscience, lull them deeper into their blind slumber. . . . We are told by Lord Haldane that the public did not insist that 'the unrest of Europe should be the foremost subject of political consideration'; the corollary of which is that the public alone is to blame. Though we have never held a lofty view of democracy we did not know that its most zealous champions had sunk it to this depth of imbecility."

The "National Review", were it distributed to our military hospitals, would act as a very strong tonic, and free many soldiers from the monotony of their convalescence. This month its editor is in a most vigorous mood; page after page is a bombardment. Mr. Maxse pleads for the creation in London of a thorough General Staff, reminding us how the French General Staff has saved the republic from party politics and compromise. He pleads also for the young men of ability who do the fighting and see at close quarters what to-day's war needs most of all in its general officers. "Pro-Germanism in High Places", by the Rev. William Barry, D.D., is a very thoughtful paper, like "Viator's" study of "The Twenty-Two". A Bulgarian diplomatist deals with the policy of Bulgaria, and Mr. A. Maurice Low writes from Washington about American affairs.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- Bailey, H. C., *The Highwayman*. Methuen. 6s.
 Fielding-Hall, H., *The Field of Honour*. Constable. 3s. 6d. net.
 Gayda, V., *Modern Austria*. Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.
 Greigg, F. M., *Founding of a Nation*. Arthur H. Clark Co., U.S.A. \$7.50.
 Hutton, E., *Attila and the Huns*. Constable. 6s. net.
 Kenaley, A., *The Thing we have Prayed For*. Hurst. 6s.
 King, W. J., *The Wealth and Income of the People of the United States*. Macmillan. 6s. 6d. net.
 Lissar, H. G. de, *Susan Proudeigh*. Methuen. 6s.
 Matheson, C. M., *The Generation Between*. Unwin. 6s.
 Newbiggin, M. J., *Geographical Aspects of Balkan Problems*. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.
 Rives, A., *Shadows of Flames*. Hurst. 6s.
 — *Recollections of a Royal Governess*. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d. net.
 Rope, G. T., *Country Signs and Sounds*. Constable. 3s. 6d. net.
 Stark, M., *The Pulse of the World*. Skeffingtons. 5s. net.
 Vaizey, Mrs. G. de H., *Salt of Life*. Mills & Boon. 6s.
 Whiffen, T., *The North-West Amazons*. Constable. 12s. 6d. net.
 Wylie, J. A. R., *Happy Endings*. Mills & Boon. 6s.

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